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At Odds with the Regent

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER IX.

The Conserve Closet.

Eight o'clock sounding from the Theatins near by brought me out of my revery. I reflected that it would be well to employ the two hours remaining in examining the gardens of the Palais Royal and the building itself, in so far as possible, on the same principle which makes the general attentively study the field upon which he is placing his forces. I therefore donned again the gray suit I had worn two evenings before, and buckling a sword to my belt, called Jacques, told him where I was going in case Richelieu should return and ask for me, and left the house. The wealthier had continued warm and a full moon silvered the city with a magic touch. It seemed to me that everybody was in the streets. The Quai Malaquest was crowded, even the steps leading down to the water and the broad landing-places being filled with people watching the boats dropping down the river or painfully making way against it.

The Hotel de Mailly, just opposite the Pont Royal, was a blaze of light, and I saw that some fete was in progress. It was with difficulty that I crossed the bridge, the press of carriages and throng of foot passengers being so great that they threatened at times to burst over the parapets. I finally won across and passed before the Tuileries, casting a glance at the entrance of Madame du Maine's salon, which was brilliantly lighted as ever. Here, too, there was a great crowd, for the gardens of the Tuileries were a popular pleasure-ground, and in the evenings, even in severe weather, were thronged with people who had no opportunity during the day of drawing a breath of pure air. The Rue St. Vincent brought me out upon the Rue St. Honore, the busiest street in the great city, and down this I turned, and soon reached the Palais Royal.

I was already familiar with that portion of the building which fronted on the Rue St. Honore extending in a line broken only by the great entrance from the Rue de Richelieu to the Bons Enfants, for I had passed it more than once in my wanderings of the week I was alone in Paris. It was in the gardens at the back and the buildings facing them that I was most concerned, for I knew that the apartments of the regent's daughter must be somewhere in that part of the palace. I turned down the Rue de Richelieu and entered the gardens through one of the innumerable entrances which pierced the buildings along this street. The broad avenues of stately chestnuts were thronged with cavaliers and ladies, sumptuously dressed, many of them wearing masks, from which I judged that ours were not the only love-affairs afoot. But without pausing to more than glance at them, I approached the palace and examined it intently.

At the right was a low wall enclosing a square in which were several flower-beds, a fountain, and an avenue of trees. This I judged to be a private park. The buildings on either side of this small garden had blank walls, the windows having evidently been omitted to insure greater privacy. The row of buildings fronting it, however, was lofty and elegant, and built in a semi-detached fashion. I argued that I could hardly be wrong in supposing these to be the apartmentts of the members of the regent's family.

Further examination confirmed this. To the left of the small garden was a lofty building which resembled nothing so much as a soldiers' barracks, and to the left of this again a high wall pierced by seven gate-ways gave entrance to the inner court, which I did not attempt to penerate. Still farther to the left and counterbalancing the space occupied by the garden at the right, was another row of tall and ugly buildings, which I decided were occupied by the servants of the palace and attendants of the regent.

Having completed this survey, I turned my attention to the gardens. A broad avenue of chestnuts extended along either side. Between these avenues were wide lawns where many flower-beds doubtless bloomed in summer, and in the middle of the garden was a circular pool in which was a fountain. Farther down the avenue and near the end of the gardens I came to the dryad fountain, which awakened in me so sweet a memory that I lingered by it.

"M. de Brancas appears to be thoughtful tonight," said a low, clear voice at my elbow.

I turned with a start and saw a masked lady standing beside me, but the voice and the beating of my heart told me in an instant who she was.

"Ah, Mlle. Dacour," I exclaimed, bowing before her, "shall I tell you of what I was thinking It was of a night not long ago when on this very spot I met the lady whom I love and whom I am lying to serve."

"Not so loud, monsieur," she commanded; "do you not see by this mask that I wish to remain unrecognized? Come, let us move away from here. 'Tis not yet time for the rendezvous."

"Would it were hours away instead of minutes, mademoiselle," I cried, "if it were permitted me to walk with you here!" and I gave her my arm, vainly endeavoring to put into words the emotion which I felt. Perhaps she understood, for she leaned against me lightly, and I caught the sweet, faint perfume of her hair.

"M. le Duc will be here, will he not?" she asked.

"I trust so, mademoiselle," I answered. "As I suppose you know, he was released from the Bastile yesterday and ordered to join his regiment at Bayonne. But he assured me that he would be at the fountain at ten o'clock tonight."

"Then he will be there," said Mlle. Dacour, lightly. "Do you know, monsieur, I am beginning to believe that you and Richelieu have the power of achieving everything upon which you really set your hearts."

"Would that I could believe so, mademoiselle!" I cried. "There is one thing above all others upon which I have set my heart. Do you believe I shall achieve that also?"

"How can I tell," she answered, glancing at me with mischievous eyes, not knowing what this wonderful something is?"

"But can you not guess, mademoiselle?" I was trembling with joy and apprehension, a trembling which she must have felt, for she quickened her pace.

"Let us postpone the riddle, M. de Brancas," she said. "'Tis time for us to be at the fountain," and we turned our steps thither.

I dared say nothing further, for I could not guess what was in her heart and had not the courage to risk a rebuff. The sauntering couples had grown less numerous as the night grew colder. Ah, had they held in their hearts the flame of a love like mine no stress of weather could have driven them apart! As we approached the fountain I saw a proud figure standing near it, which I recognized in an instant.

"'Tis he," I said, and we hastened forward.

"In faith, I had almost given you up, de Brancas," cried Richelieu, gayly, as he wrung my hand and bowed to my companion. "How did you get out of that devil of a prison?"

"Very easily," I answered, "since the regent was kind enough to open the doors for me."

"That was thoughtful of him, and I envy you the hour you have passed with this fair lady."

"Oh, M. le Duc," cried Mlle. Dacour, "our conversation has been most sober, and concerned mostly with your affairs."

"De Brancas," exclaimed the duke, "your friendship goes too far. Forget me, I beg of you, when you are with Mlle. Dacour. I should never forgive myself if I thought that my petty concerns interfered with the discussion of more appropriate and more interesting things."

"But how did you escape, monsieur?" I inquired. "The regent sent a squadron of horse with you, did he not?"

"Oh, yes," answered Richelieu, airily, "but they do not know how to ride. Last night we stopped at Chartres. This morning we set off again at a snail's pace, and by noon reached Orleans, where we stopped for dinner. I was ashamed of the company in which I found myself and determined to leave it. So when the guards were in a half-somnolent state, digesting their dinner like so many pigs, I knocked a couple of them out of the way, mounted my horse, and rode leisurely back to Paris by way of Etampes and Limours. 'Twas too easily done to mention further."

"But the guards are doubtless on your track, if they have not already reached Paris!" I exclaimed.

"I suppose so," said Richelieu, carelessly; "but how can they suspect that I am here in the gardens of the Palais Royal talking to Mlle. Dacour and yourself, and that I am presently to see Mlle. de Valois again? Is it not so, mademoiselle?" he asked, turning to Louise.

"Oh, yes, M. le Duc," she answered. "Come. She is awaiting you."

"While I have been idling here!" cried Richelieu, and sprang forward.

"And I?" I asked.

"Come also, M. de Brancas," she said, smiling over her shoulder. "We have seen that you know how to be of service and that you are discreet."

I needed no second bidding.

A bank of clouds obscured the moon, but Mlle. Dacour advanced without hesitation and led the way, as I had expected, towards the right wing of the palace with the little garden in front. A gate in the low surrounding wall yielded to her touch, but instead of advancing straight forward across the garden she kept to the right in the shadow of the buildings, where suddenly she stopped. I looked about to discover the reason for this, for there was an apparently solid wall beside us, when I saw her passing her hand slowly over it, and in a moment a section of the masonry swung back, operated by a spring which she had pressed.

"What wonder is this?" asked Richelieu.

"No wonder at all," replied the girl. "Simply one of the devices arranged many years ago by Cardinal Mazarin for purposes of his own. There are many such in the building, if one only knows how to find them. Enter, messieurs."

We bowed our heads and entered, Mlle. Dacour following us and closing the hidden door after her. There was a lighted lantern standing in one corner of the small room in which we found ourselves, and she picked it up and motioned us to follow. A long, narrow passage led to the right, and after traversing this we came to a small spiral staircase. Up this we mounted, and found that it ended apparently in a blank wooden wall. Along this Mlle. Dacour felt with one hand, and as I watched her closely, a section of the wall swung outward. We passed through and it closed after us. I saw with astonishment that the wall through which we had come was covered with shelving, filled with jars of various preserved fruits, glasses of jelly, and boxes of sweetmeats. At that instant Mlle. Dacour held up a warning finger and blew out the light.

"It is, indeed, an unexpected honor," I heard a voice say, which I recognized as that of the princess. "To what happy chance do I owe it, monsieur?"

"Who can it be?" I heard Louise murmur, for we seemed to have gravitated together in the dark, and the fact that she did not resent my encircling arm filled me with unreasonable joy and made me bless the circumstance which held us prisoner here.

"I come merely to bring you some news which I thought might interest you," replied a voice, which made me start and Louise tremble. "May I not sit down, my dear daughter?"

"Come, let us go," whispered Louise. "'Tis folly to remain here."

"Nay, let us stay rather," replied Richelieu in the same tone. "I am curious to hear this news which the regent has brought. What say you, de Brancas?"

"I am quite content to stay," I answered, and I drew Louise closer to me.

"As I suppose you know, mademoiselle," the regent's voice was saying when the beating of my heart permitted me to hear, "the king of Sardinia has withdrawn his proposal for your hand."

"It has saved him a rebuff," answered Charlotte.

"I am not so sure of that," and the regent laughed. "But do you know why he has done this? I see from your face that you do not. It was because of a certain rendezvous in the gardens here, news of which had got abroad and had reached the king's ears. It seems I was not the only one who saw you running towards your apartment that night, and the others were not so discreet as I. Do you understand now, mademoiselle?"

I heard Richelieu utter an oath and fumble for the latch of the door.

"For God's sake, keep quiet, monsieur!" I whispered. "There may be other news."

"True," murmured Richelieu, and he stood where he was.

There was a moment's silence in the outer room, and then the regent's voice continued—

"But do not despair, Charlotte. I have found you another husband. Not a king, perhaps, but of good birth and high rank, who is also complaisant enough to overlook your little shortcomings."

"And may I ask who this gentleman is?" inquired Charlotte's trembling voice.

"The Duc de Modena," said the regent. "See, he has sent his portrait in order that by gazing at it, you may become acquainted with your future husband before the wedding-day arrives."

"The Duc de Modena" exclaimed the girl. "Impossible! You must be jesting, monsieur. The Duc de Modena is old enough to be my grandfather."

"I assure you that I am far from jesting, Charlotte," and the regent's voice took a sterner tone. "As for his age, he certainly bears it well. Here is his portarit. You can see for yourself that he is not an uncomely man."

"Take it away! I refuse to look at it!" she cried, and we heard a scuffle and a crash of glass, which betokened the destruction of the portrait.

Richelieu was again fumbling for the latch of the door, swearing softly to himself, and again I restrained him.

"That was a foolish act, mademoiselle," said the regent, "for now you will not know your husband even when you see him, for I swear that you shall marry the Duc de Modena."

"And I swear that I shall not!" screamed Charlotte. "I will die first!"

"And perhaps you wish some one else to die first also," continued the regent in an unchanged voice.

"Some one else? I do not understand, monsieur."

"Permit me to tell you a little more of my news and you will understand perfectly. You know, doubtless, that yesterday I released the Duc De Richelieu from the Bastile and sent him to join his regiment at Bayonne?"

"Well?"

"Well, today, at noon, at Orlenas, he chose to leave his escort and return to Paris."

"Continue, monsieur."

"He was not closely pursued, for his escort had their orders. I suspected that he would do something of the kind, and I also suspected the reason. Do you know what I have sworn, mademoiselle?"

She did not answer and there was a moment's pause.

"I have sworn that Richelieu's head shall fall if he comes in my way again. I set a very pretty trap for him and he has walked straight into it. In this trap you were the bait, my dear."

I felt Louise trembling against me. Richelieu was breathing deeply.

"Yes, a trap," cried the regent; "and if I mistake not, the mice are already in it. Are there not mice in your conserve closet, mademoiselle? I fancied I heard a noise there."

Richelieu, unable to control himself longer, threw open the door with a crash and sprang into the room.

"As you see, M. le Regent," he cried, hoarse with rage, "the mice are here. But I warn you that they have sharp teeth and know how to use them."

CHAPTER X.

The Regent Scores a Point.

Philip of Orleans was leaning back in a large chair facing the closet in which we had been concealed, and he did not alter his position a hair's breadth as Richelieu sprang into the room with drawn sword, I but a pace behind him. Indeed, his face did not change a muscle, and he turned towards us the smile he had employed with his daughter. But the latter, recognizing her lover, sank into a chair, her face drawn and gray with fear.

"Ah, M. le Duc," said the regent, still smiling, "you remained among the preserves longer than I believed you would. You have great patience."

"You shall never again have cause to say so, monsieur!" cried Richelieu, white with anger, "for I swear to you my patience is exhausted. Draw your sword and defend yourself."

"Have patience a moment longer, monsieur," said the regent, raising his hand. "You do not seem to fully understand the situation. Outside the secret door by which you entered a dozen of my guards are waiting, with orders to arrest you or to kill you should you resist them. In the antechamber there another dozen are stationed, whom a single cry would bring to my assistance."

"But I should have time to kill you, monsieur," cried Richelieu.

"Perhaps," said the regent, calmly; "but I believe, nevertheless, that I could hold you off for the few seconds it would require them to burst open the door. Ah," he continued, as though seeing me for the first time, "here is M. de Brancas. Good evening, monsieur. I did not think that I should see you again so soon. Did you give M. le Duc the message I entrusted to you?"

"No, monsieur," I answered, and it seemed to me that we were cutting a very poor figure in face of the regent's easy nonchadance.

"You did wrong," he said. "It would perhaps have saved him from this trap into which he came without knowing the danger."

"What was this message?" asked Richelieu, disdainfully.

"Simply, monsieur," answered the regent, coolly, "that the next time I held you in my hands I should not let you go until your head and shoulders had parted company."

A low groan from the princess made Richelieu start.

"Do not concern yourself, I beg of you, Charlotte," he cried. "These are but empty vaporings, believe me. It seems to me that at present I am not in this man's power, but he in mine," and with a movement swift as lightning his sword was at the regent's breast. "If you so much as move a muscle, monsieur," he said, "I swear to you upon my honor that I will drive this sword through your heart."

The regent did not move, only his smile grew broader. I could not but admire the man.

"De Brancas," cried Richelieu, "bind your scarf tightly over his mouth. Do not lift your hand, monsieur," he continued warningly to the regent.

I did as he bade me, marvelling that Orleans did not show more spirit.

"Now off with his hat and cloak," continued Richelieu.

I obeyed, and still the regent made no sign. I began to fear some further trap.

"What now, monsieur?" I asked.

"In faith, I do not know," said Richelieu. "I might, indeed, don the cloak and hat, go out and order the guard away so that we could escape, but if we both leave, who will guard the regent? We might tie him, but it must needs be most securely."

"Go, go, monsieur!" I cried, seizing his sword, but still keeping the point at the regent's breast.

"Put on the cloak and hat and go. I will stay, and I answer for it he will make no outcry."

"Impossible," said Richelieu. "I go and leave you, my friend?"

"Yes, yes," I answered. "It is not with me a matter of life and death. Besides, with my sword at his heart I shall be able to make my own terms."

"True," said Richelieu, but he still hesitated and turned towards Mlle. de Valois.

"Ah, Charlotte," he said, dropping on one knee before her and lifting her hand to his lips, "it seems that I am never to be permitted to tell you how I love you. But what is this?" he cried, looking up into her eyes to find them closed. "Oh what has happened?"

Mlle. Dacour hastened to her.

"She has merely fainted, M. le Duc," she said after a moment. "It is nothing. She will soon be herself again. I answer for it."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the duke, and he covered with kisses the hand he held in his own. "I cannot go leaving her so."

"I implore you to go, monsieur!" I entreated. "We do not know what instructions have been given the guards at he door. They may break in at any moment."

"I yield," murmured Richelieu, and he picked up the regent's cloak and wrapped it about him, "but this is the last time that I will run away. I shall take horse for Bayonne," he continued. "With my regiment I shall be safe. They would go to hell for me."

But I looked at him gloomily, for I saw that even in that disguise his lithe, upright figure bore little resemblance to the shorter and stouter form of the regent.

"I fear the guards will suspect you, monsieur," I said. "The disguise is a poor one."

"So be it!" cried the duke, flinging the cloak and hat from him and picking up his own. "I will go without disguise, and trust to my sword to win me passage." He placed his hand at his side and remembered that I had his sword pressed against the regent's heart. I drew my own with my other hand, and presenting it to the prisoner's throat, handed Richelieu his own.

"Nay, wait a moment, M. le Duc," cried Mlle. Dacour, as he started towards the door; "there is another way."

"And unguarded?" he asked, pausing.

"I believe so. Come," and she led the way towards the apartment in the rear of that in which we were.

"Adieu, de Brancas," said Richelieu, pausing on the threshold, "If you suffer for this I will bring all Brittany to your rescue," and he was gone.

I glanced at Orleans, but he made no sign. What new trap was he preparing that he should sit here so contentedly? I strained my ears for the clash of arms or for an outcry which would tell of the discovery of the fugitive, but none came. The moments passed.

"He must be safe by this time," I murmured.

"That being the case, let us put an end to this farce," said the regent, speaking quite distinctly through the scarf which encircled his head, and putting up his hand, he tore the scarf away. My sword quivered in my hand, yet I had never killed a man but in fair fight and my heart failed me now. "Come, M. de Brancas," he continued, calmly, reading my thought in my face, "put down your sword. Did you think that I should have sat quiet here so obligingly had I desired to detain the duke? Surely, you gave me credit for more spirit, monsieur?"

"Then there was a trap?" I stammered, though not surprised at this confirmation of my suspicions.

"Well, not precisely," and the regent smiled. "But here is Mlle. Dacour, who may have some news for you."

She entered as he spoke and cast an alarmed and astonished glance at my lowered sword and the regent's smiling face.

"The duke is safe, is he not?" I cried, alarmed in my turn.

"I believe so," she answered. "I let him out by the little door into the Rue de Richelieu. There was no guard at the door and apparently we were unobserved. I watched him until he turned into the Rue St. Honore and mingled with the crowd. Then I closed the door and returned."

"Come," said Orleans, rising, "you see that your friend is safe, de Brancas, and that you have again outwitted me. Make your adieux to Mlle. Dacour and leave her to attend to my daughter. Come with me, I have two words to say to you," and he picked up his hat and cloak, and walked towards the door.

"Oh, what does he mean?" whispered Louise, clutching at my sleeve, her eyes dark with terror. "Does he mean to do you harm, Jean?"

"That one word would repay me for it all," I said, looking down with infinite love into that sweet, upturned face. "But I do not think so, Louise. In faith, I believe it is he who has outwitted us this evening, and not we who have outwitted him. But, oh, my life," I whispered, pressing her to me, "you care a little, then?"

"Go, go!" she said, pushing me towards the door. "Do not keep him waiting. Do not make him angry, if he be not already so," and she gave me one glance that made my heart leap and closed the door upon me. Something of my joy must have appeared in my face, for the regent, who was standing just outside, looked at me and smiled quizzically, but said nothing. I glanced about with astonishment, for there was not a single guard in sight.

He noticed my glance and smiled yet more broadly, but still kept silence. Motioning me to follow him, he led the way to the same room where he had given me audience but a few hours before.

"Sit down, M. de Brancas," he said, throwing himself into the large chair which he had occupied in the afternoon. "Do you know," he continued, looking at me with a smile, "I greatly enjoy adventures such as that of this evening. They give tone to the nerves and prove that not all men are cowards. In times of peace, such as these, it is often difficult to decide who is brave and who is not. In faith, if our treasury were not so depleted I believe I would risk a little war just for the pleasure of settling the question in regard to a few people about whom I am undecided. I already know where to place you, monsieur," and I reddened at the compliment. "But," he continued, and he changed his tone suddenly, "I dare say you and Richelieu believed you were executing a very clever little coup this evening. You reminded me of nothing so much as of that ridiculous Sganerelle in M. Mollere's L'Ecole des Maris, who while opposing his adversary with all his might in reality plays into his hand."

"I confess, M. le Duc," I said, "that I am still somewhat in the dark."

"No doubt," he laughed. "Come, I will lay the cards on the table for the sheer pleasure of looking at them myself. Did you really believe me so anxious to deprive Richelieu of his head?"

"You certainly seemed violent enough, monsieur," I said.

"Ah, well, and I should have kept my word under certain conditions. But I am not of a blood-thirsty humor, and all I desired was to get Richelieu out of the way because he interferes with certain of my plans, as you know. Now, at Bayonne he will be quite as powerless to interfere with me as in the grave. Three hundred leagues is a long distance, monsieur."

"Ah, ah!" I cried, a light beginning to break in upon me.

"Well," continued the regent, "I knew very well that he would attempt to regain Paris, for I suspected tonight's rendezvous, monsieur, as I suspect a great many other things," and he glanced at me in a way which made me wonder if the Cellamare conspiracy was really such a profound secret as the conspirators believed. "Consequently I gave orders to his guards not to press him too closely should he attempt to escape, and I prepared a trap for him here. He was followed from the moment he entered Paris until he disappeared through M. de Mazarin's private entrance below there. You do not seem to recognize the fact that I have a well organized police department, monsieur, the best the world has ever seen. I had resolved this: If Richelieu could escape from this trap and set out for Bayonne as I expected, I should make no great resistance. If he could not escape he should die."

The last words were uttered in a voice that chilled me.

"As you may guess," continued the regent, "I was not sorry when he carried out his plan of escape, for I believe that now he will really go to Bayonne, and he cannot return from there in time to interfere with me. He is a popular and powerful man, and while I should not have hesitated in sending him to the block, it would have made me new enemies, whom I could ill afford just at this time. Have you ever known what it is, M. de Brancas," he asked suddenly, "to be hooted and stoned through the streets?"

"No, monsieur," I answered, surprised at the turn the conversation had taken and at the gloomy cloud which had descended upon the regent's face.

"I have known what it is!" he exclaimed. "I, regent of France—king in everything but name. I have been abominated, hissed, spat upon. Even now I am suspected, and Villeroi, the king's governor, surrounds him with ridiculous precautions to keep me away from him. I am trying to turn the tide the other way. I am trying to make friends, hence I am lenient with you and with Richelieu. I do not know why I am telling you this," he added in another tone, "only I admire brave men, whether they are with me or against me. That is all; forget this conversation and keep Richelieu from vexing me too far. You may go."

I bowed and left the room with a dazed consciousness that I had seen a side of the man which the world knew little of, and as I threaded my way through the corridors and down the great staircase to the street I pondered upon it wonderingly. When I heard, afterwards, as I often did, of the excesses of the little suppers which he gave nearly every night in his apartment, I did not find it in my heart to blame him.

The increasing cold and lateness of the hour had driven the people from the streets, and even the Rue St. Honore was almost deserted as I emerged from the Palais Royal. I returned as I had come, casting a glance at the gloomy river as I crossed it, and was soon at the Hotel de Richelieu. Jacques admitted me, and told me that his master had secured a horse from the stables more than an hour before and was now well on the road to Bayonne.

I was glad to learn that Richelieu had indeed left Paris, for I had little hope that the regent would permit reasons of state to interfere with his personal inclinations should the duke provoke him further. Nor, indeed, had I much hope that the duke would remain at Bayonne, despite his knowledge of the regent's purpose. Philip of Orleans was still in my mind as I went to bed, and as I dropped asleep I was compelled to admit that he was a greater man than I had thought.

(To Be Continued.)

THE HEAVENS DURING THE MONTH OF MAY

By Prof. Eric Doolittle, University of Pennsylvania

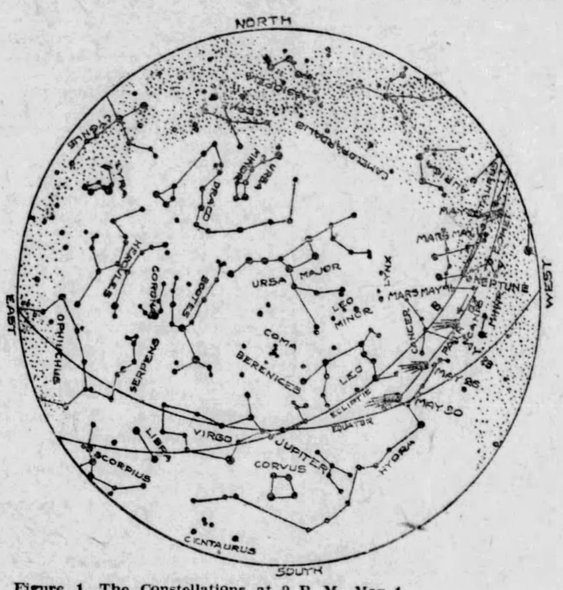

Figure 1. The Constellations at 9 P. M., May 1.

(If facing south hold the map upright. If facing west hold west below; if facing east hold east below; if facing north hold the map inverted.)

The one object in the heavens which is now the center of interest, is the wonderful comet. As it shone out in the southeast during the past few weeks it has probably attracted the attention of nearly every reader, but during the last days of the month it will increase in brightness to an extraordinary degree. On the evening of May 19 it will be nearly 7,000 times as bright as at the time of its discovery in September.

The Comet in the Morning Sky.

Between May 1 and May 18 the comet must be looked for in the early morning, just before sunrise. On the first date it will rise two and three quarter hours before the sun, and will be seen well up from the ground in the east in the western edge of the constellation Pisces. Its head is toward the ground and its tail extends upward and toward the south—a bright and most interesting little object.

On the morning of May 2 the comet will pass so close to the bright planet Venus that the two objects will form a most beautiful configuration in the early morning sky. The appearance as seen from our earth is shown in Figure 2. At this time the comet and Venus will lie nearly in straight line with the sun, Venus being 67,000,000 miles from the sun and the comet 59,000,000, so that the distance from the comet to the planet is but 8,000,000 miles. The tail of the comet will, however, pass above Venus; the planet will not pass through the tail, nor would an inhabitant of this world see the comet pass across the face of the sun. The appearance of the comet, as seen from Venus, would, however, be very fine. If the reader will examine both of these bright objects with a small telescope, bearing in mind that Venus is of almost exactly the same size as our own earth, there will be impressed upon him, in the most striking manner, a true understanding of how vast an object the comet really is.

The Phenomena of May 18.

On the night of May 18 the comet will pass directly between the earth and sun, and observers in the islands of the Pacific ocean will have an opportunity to view its transit across the sun's disc. This is a most rare spectacle, which may not be presented to us again for many centuries. It is hoped that from the observations of this phenomenón we may obtain more definite knowledge of the composition of the denser parts of comets than we now possess.

It is well known that the tails of comets, which sometimes stretch out into space for distances of many millions of miles, are almost inconceivably tenuous. The head is very much denser and it is believed to be composed of a great swarm of meteoric particles, mingled with cosmic dust and gasses. It is not thought that there is any definite solid nucleus in the head of any considerable size, and nothing is now kown as to the sizes of the individual meteoric masses which compose it.

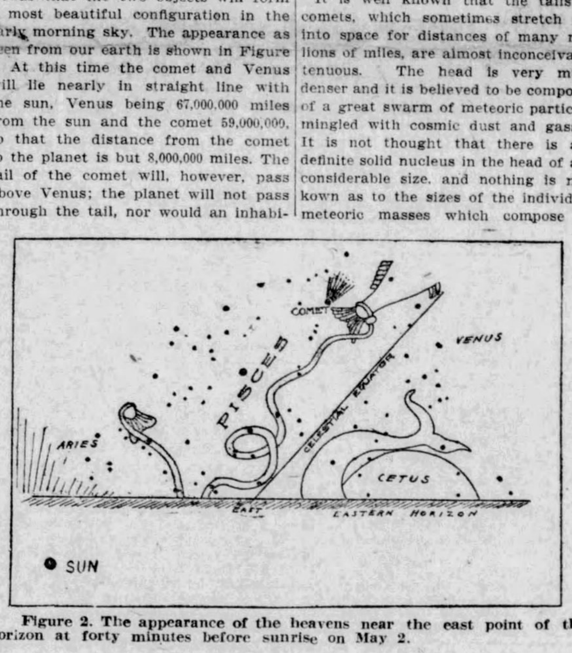

Figure 2. The appearance of the heavens near the east point of the horizon at forty minutes before sunrise on May 2.

But since at the time of the comet's transit it will be only one-seventh as far away from us as the sun, the individual particles, even if they are no more than ten miles in diameter, will be clearly visible as little black dots moving over the face of the sun. If there are larger masses of solid matter in the comet they will, of course, be still more conspicuous.

As the center of the comet's head moves onto the sun's disc on May 18 at 10 hours 50 minutes p. m. (Eastern time), and passes of from it at 11 hours 48 minutes it can, of course, not be seen by observers in Europe or America, since to them the sun will have set at this time. But during these hours the earth will pass through the great tail which extends for many million miles in a direction exactly opposite the sun, and it is possible that some evidence of this passage will be seen by us. It is impossible to predict whether the tail will be visible to us at this time or not. If it is sufficiently bright and the night is very clear we may see the long streamers, resembling the rays of the Aurora, extending up from the ground toward the northeast in the early evening. As the hours of the night go on these should sweep slowly over the heavens in the north,

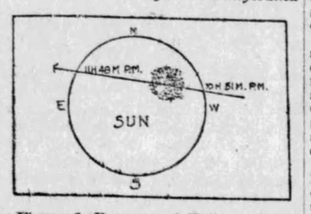

Figure 3. Passage of Halley's Comet across the face of the sun on May 18. (Invisible in Europe and America.)

to us we will know that it is still pursuing its long journey into the depths of space destined to return again to excite the admiration and interest of those who shall be taking our places and doing out work in the year 1986.

The Planets.

As stated last month, Mercury may be seen low in the northwest about May 1, for an hour after sunset. It is now in very unusually favorable position for observation.

Venus is the bright morning star seen in the southeast before sunrise; Mars and Jupiter are evening stars, the former moving rapidly eastward

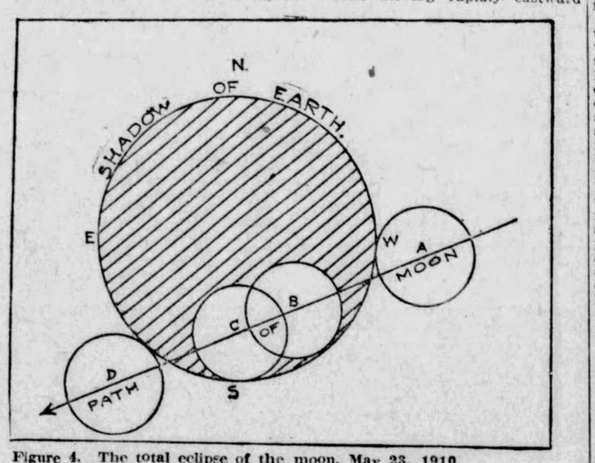

Figure 4. The total eclipse of the moon, May 23, 1910.

shifting their position toward the west. It may be possible to trace the tail across the entire heavens; on the other hand, it may be visible only as a faint glow, or may even be so faint as to escape detection altogether. It has been recently increasing so rapidly in size and brightness, however, that it is hoped that this latter may not be the case. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that the earth will not be in the least affected by this encounter, and also that the sensational statements in some papers as to the influence of the comet on our world are utterly without foundation. The sight of this beautiful object, as it moves along its appointed path, in exact accordance with the predictions of astronomers, should only impress upon each observer anew the wonderful harmony of the laws which govern all the celestial bodies in their courses.

The Comet in the Evening Sky.

From the evening of May 19 to the end of the month the comet will be so conspicuous in the evening sky that it will attract the attention of everyone. In these few days it will move half way across the entire heavens, as shown in Fig 1, passing a little below Mars and above the bright star at A. Its head will point toward the ground in the west, and its tail extend upward among the stars. As it moves westward and recedes from the earth it will grow rapidly fainter, and in a few months will be lost to view entirely. But though no longer visible through Gemini and the latter very slowly westward in Virgo. Neptune is near the star B (Fig. 1), and on May 22 may be easily located, as it is then exactly 28 minutes south of this star.

The Total Eclipse of the Moon.

A total eclipse of the moon, visible to all observers in the United States, will occur on the evening of May 23. Our satellite will reach the position A, Fig 4, and the eclipse begins at 10 hours 46 minutes 24 seconds p. m. (Eastern time); it will become wholly immersed in the shadow and the eclipse become total on May 24 at 0 hours 9 minutes a. m.; it will reach C, and begin to emerge at 0 hours 59 minutes 24 seconds a. m., and finally emerge and the eclipse end at 2 hours 22 minutes 18 seconds a. m. The appearance of the moon at different times during the eclipse is shown in Fig. 5.

ERIC DOOLITTLE.

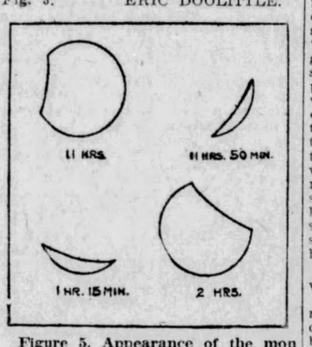

Figure 5. Appearance of the mon at different times during the eclipse.

The Lure of the Mask

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

She answered with a gesture, pathetic but easily translatable. It was enough for me. I understood. In that moment I became a woman without illusions. Without looking at the prince I entered the carriage and closed the door in his face. He stormed, he pleaded, he lied. I was of stone. There was a scene. He was low enough to turn upon the poor woman and strike her across the face with his gloves. Even had I loved him, that would have been the end the romance. I ordered the driver to take me home. There would be no wedding at the church that day. There was a great scandal. Every one took up the prince's cause, with the exception of the King. But my determination was not to be moved.

The prince was almost bankrupt. He had squandered the liberal fortune left him independently of the will. He had sold to the Jews half of the fortune he expected to get after marrying me. He had not the slightest affection for me; he was desperate and wanted the money. How old and wise I became during that ride home from the magistrate's! The prince called but I was not at home to him. He wrote many times, but I replied to none of his letters. He struck but one string; I was foolish to let a little piccadillo of bachelorhood stand in the way; all men were the same; the position I took was absurd. I never answered. I returned to Venice. I have seen him but twice since; once at Monte Carlo and that night at the Villa Ariadne. How he begged, schemed, plotted and maneuvered to regain my favor! But I knew now. I vowed he should never have a penny; it should all go to the crown.

When at length he found that I was really serious, he became base in his tactics. He was the one who was wronged. He gave life to such rumors among those I knew that soon I found doors closed to me which had always been open. No Italian woman could see the matter from my point of view. I was an American for all that my mother was a Venetian, therefore I was wrong.

So great was this man's vanity that he truly believed that all he had to do was to meet me face to face to overcome my objections! I have already told you that my impulses are as mysterious to me as to others. Why I went to the Villa Ariadne is not to be explained. I do not know. A comic opera singer! But I shall always love those light-hearted companions, who were cheerful under misfortune, who accepted each new calamity as a jest by the Great Dramatist. Perhaps, the truth is, this last calamity was brought about by my desire to aid them without letting them know who I was. I have committed many foolish acts, but innocent and hurtless. To you I have been perfectly frank. From the first I warned you, and many times I have given you hurts which recoiled upon my own head. But all for your good. I wanted to be clear of the tangle. There! That is all. There is no more mystery concerning Sonia Hilda Grosvenor.

And so the letter ended. There was not a word regarding any future meeting; there was nothing to read between the lines. A great loneliness surged over Hillard. Was this, then, really the end? No! He struck the letter sharply on his palm. No, this should not be the end. He would wait here in Florence till the day of doom. He would waste no time in seeking her, for he knew that if he sought he would not find.

Day after day dragged through the hours, and Florence grew thinned and torrid. Sometimes he rode past the Villa Ariadne, but he never stopped. He could not bring himself to enter those confines again alone.

In the meantime he had received a cablegram from Merrithew, stating that he and Mrs. Merrithew would be at home after September. He read the line many times. Good old Dan! He was right; it took patience and persistence to win a woman.

It was in the middle of June that, one afternoon, the concierge handed him a telegram. It contained but three words:

"Villa Serbelloni, Bellaggio."

CHAPTER XXVII

Bellaggio

The narrowness of the imagination of the old masters is generally depicted in their canvases. Heaven to them was a serious business of pearly gates, harps, halos and aerial flights on ambient pale clouds. Or was it the imagination of the Church, dominating the imagination of the artist? To paint halos, or to starve? was doubtless the Hamletonian question of the Renaissance. Now Hillard's idea of Heaven—and in all of us it is a singular conception—was Bellaggio in perpetual springtime; Bellaggio, with its cypress, copperbeech, olive, magnolia, bamboo, pines, its gardens, its vineyards, its orchards of mulberry trees, its restful reaches, for there is always a quality of rest in the ability to see far off; Bellaggio, with the emerald Lecco on one side and the blue-green Como on the other, the white villages nestling along the shores, and the great shadowful Italian Alps.

The Villa Serbelloni stands on the wooded promontory, and all day long the warm sunshine floods its walls and terraces and glances from the polished leaves of the tropical plants. The villa remains today nearly as it was when Napoleon's forces were in Milan and stabling their horses in the monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazia, under the fading Last Supper, by Da Vinci. It is a hotel now, the annex of one of the great hostelries down below in the town. A fortuous path leads up to the villa; and to climb it is to perform the initial step or lesson to proper mountain-climbing. Here and there, in the blue distances, one finds a patch of snow, an exhilarating foretaste of the high Alps north of Domo d'Ossola and south of the icy Rhone.

The six-o'clock boat from Como puffed up noisily and smokily to the quay, churning her side-paddles.

Common Sense

Leads the most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle-wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. No Secrets. No Deception.

The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody, Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the search light of investigation turned fully upon his formulæ, being confident that the better the composition of these medicines is known the more will their great curative merits be recognized.

Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs.

Examine the formula on their bottle-wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet *does cure* all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" *in time* and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a *thorough* and *fair* trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials although the latter are received by thousands.

Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of known composition. Ask your neighbors. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

The clouds of sunset lay like crimson gashes on the western mountain peaks. Hillard stepped ashore impatiently. What a long day it had been! How white the Villia Serbelloni seemed up there on the little hill-top. He gave his luggage to the porter from the Grand and followed him on foot to the hotel, which was only a dozen steps from the landing. No, he would not dine at the hotel, all but empty at this time of the year. He was dining at the Villa Serbelloni above. He dressed quickly, but with the lover's care and the lover's doubt. Less than an hour after leaving the boat he stepped forth from the gardens and tooks the path up to the villa. The bloom on the wings of the passing swallow, the clouds on the face of the smooth waters, the incense from the flowers now rising upon the vanished sun, the tinted crests encircling, and the soft wind which murmured drowsily among the overhanging branches, all these made the time and place as perfect as a lover's mind could fancy.

Sonia, Sonia; his step took the rhythm of it as he climbed. Sonia, Sonia; the very silence seemed to voice it. And she was waiting for him up there. How would she greet him, knowing that nothing would have brought him to her side, but the hope of love? With buoyant step he turned by the porter's lodge and strode down the broad roadway to the villa, a deepening green arch above him.

Handsome he was not; he was more. With his thin, high-bred face, his fine eyes, his slender, graceful figure, he presented that type of gentleman to whom all women pay unconscious homage, whether low-born or high, and in whom the little child places its trust and confidence.

He arrived shortly. As he entered the glass-inclosed corridor the concierge rose from his chair and bowed. Hillard inclined his head and went on. There was no one in the dining-room. In the restaurant there was no one but a lonely Russian countess, who had spent part of the year at the villa for more than a decade. He doffed his hat as he passed through the room and gained the picturesque terrace. Afar he saw a table spread under the great oak. A woman sat by it. She was gazing down the winding terraces toward the Lecco. It was still daylight, and he would have known that head of hair among the ten thousand houris of heaven. Softly, softly! he murmured to his heart, now become insurgent.

Whatever may have been the dream she was following, she dismissed it upon hearing his step, strangely familiar. She did not rise, but she extended her hand, a grave inquiry in her slumbrous eyes. With equal gravity he clapsed her hand, but held back the impulse to kiss it. He was not quite sure of himself just then. He sat down opposite her and, smiling, whimsically inquired:

"Now, where did we leave off?"

At first she did not understand.

He enlightened her. "I refer to that Arabian Nights entertainment in New York. Where did we leave off that interesting discussion?"

She smiled brightly. "We shall take up the thread of that discourse with the coffee."

"Why not countermand the order for dinner? I am not hungry."

"But I am," she replied. She was wholly herself now. The tact with which he began his address disembarrassed her. For two days, since she despatched the telegram, she had lived in a kind of ecstatic terror; she had even regretted the message, once it was beyond recall. "I am human enough to be hungry, sometimes." She summoned the waiter.

The dinner was excellent, but Hilard scarcely knew what this or that plate was. All his hunger lay in his eyes. Besides, he did not want to discuss generalities during the intermittent invasions of the waiter, who never knew how many times he stood in danger of being hurled over into the flowering beds of lavender which banked the path of the second terrace. And when he brought the coffee and lingered for further orders, it was Hillard who dismissed him, rather curtly.

"Now! Let me see," he said musingly. "We had agreed that it would be best never to meet again, that to keep the memory of that night fresh in our minds, a souvenir for old age; it will be a little secret between us, and we shall talk it over on just such nights as this."

"Isn't this oak the most beautiful you have ever seen?" she remarked, looking up at the great leafy arms above her head.

"The most beautiful in all the world;" but he was not looking at the oak.

"Think of it! It's many centuries old. Empires and kingdoms have risen and vanished. It was here when Michelangelo and Raphael and Titian were ragamuffins in the populous streets; it was leafing when Petrarch indited pages to his Laura; when Dante gazed melancholily upon his Beatrice—Oh, what a little time we have!"

"Then let us make the most of it," he said.

He reached for her hand, which lay upon the cover; but, without apparent notice of his movement, she drew back her hand.

"I have waited patiently for weeks."

She faced him with an enigmatical smile, lighted a match, blew it out, and drew a line across the center of the table.

He laughed. "What, again?"

"Observe."

"Why, there is a break in it!" eagerly and joyously.

She leaned over. "So there is;" but there was no surprise in her voice.

"Is it possible for me to come through?"

"There is one way."

"Put the caskets before me, Portia; I shall not be less wise than Bassanio."

She touched her lips with the knuckle of a finger, in a mood reflective. "A camel and the needle's eye."

"That referred to the rich man. All the world loves a lover, even the solemn old prophets."

"Are you sure?" a return of the old malice.

As a rejoinder he smoothed out the telegram she had sent to him. "Why did you send this to me?"

Her lips had no answer ready; and who can read a woman's heart?

"There can be but one reason," he pursued.

"Friendship."

There was a swish of petticoats, and she was standing at the side of her chair. The beginning of the night was cool, but the fire of the world's desire burned in her cheeks, and she was afraid. She stepped to the railing, faced the purpling mountains, lifted her chin, and sang Die Zauberflote. And Hillard dared not touch her till the last note was gone. She felt his nearness, however, as surely as if he had in fact touched her. She tried to sing again, but this time no sound issued from her throat. There was something intangibly hypnotic in his gaze, for presently, without will, she turned and tried to look coldly into his eyes.

"I did not come here because of friendship," he said. "Only one thing brought me—love and the hope of love."

She stared at him, her hand at her throat.

"Love and the hope of love," he repeated. Then he took her in his arms suddenly, hungrily, even roughly. "You are mine, mine; and nothing in the world shall take you from my arms again. Sonia?"

"Don't!" she cried breathlessly. "He is looking."

"It is only a waiter; he doesn't count. Friendship?" He laughed.

"Please!" still struggling.

"Not till you tell me why you sent that telegram."

She pressed her palms against him and stood away. She looked bravely into his eyes now.

"I sent it because I wanted you, because I am tired of lying to my heart, because I have a right to be happy, because—because I love you! Take me, and oh! be good and kind to me, for I have been very lonely and unhappy. . . . Kiss me!" with a touch of the old imperiousness.

The rim of the early moon shouldered above the frowning death-mask of Napoleon, the huge salmon-tinted mountain on the far side of the Lecco. In the villages the day-sounds had given way to the more peaceful voices of the night. They could hear the occasional light laughter of the gardeners on the second terrace; the bark of a dog in the hills; from the house of the silk-weaver came the tinkle of a guitar. In the houses on the hill opposite and in the villages below the first lights of evening began to glimmer, now here, now there, like fireflies become stationary.

"See Naples and die," she whispered, "but the spirit will come to Bellaggio."

(The End.)

TOWN NUMBERS THE JOHNSONS

Newman Grove cor. Sioux City Journal.

Instead of being used as a slang expression here this little town and the community round about are afflicted with "too much Johnson." Eric Johnson, cashier of the Newman Grove State Bank, is the man here who is authority for declaring that there is "too much Johnson."

"I believe there are more Johnsons to the square inch in and around this town than anywhere else in the world, figuring on the same area. I have counted them up and find that, taking this town as a center, there are 958 Johnsons within a radius of 12 miles and of these 629 have the Christian name John.

"A check drawn on the local bank will not be paid if it is simply signed 'John Johnson,' no matter what the standing of the Johnson may be. Neither will the indorsement 'John Johnson' be accepted at the bank or any of the stores. There are so many of them that we have to adopt another method."

Here is the method as explained by Cashier Johnson, though not one of the Johns:

The bank and the stores have decided that while the 629 John Johnsons who do business here are entitled to credit there must be some way of identifying them and not making charges against one particular one when the charge may lack several hundred points of being correct. The merchants and bankers have agreed that one John Johnson shall be "John Johnson, No. 1," the next "John Johnson No. 2," and so on until all of the 629 have been given and have accepted their numbers.

The John Johnsons take to the idea kindly and like it so well that they are notifying their friends, requesting that when they write letters to them they address them by number as well as by name. In this way they figure that if a letter received at the office and intended for John Johnson No. 629 is delivered to and received by John Johnson No. 23 it will be an easy matter to find out who is to blame for the error.

RAISING OF BOVINE YOUNGSTERS BY HAND

By N. A. Clapp.

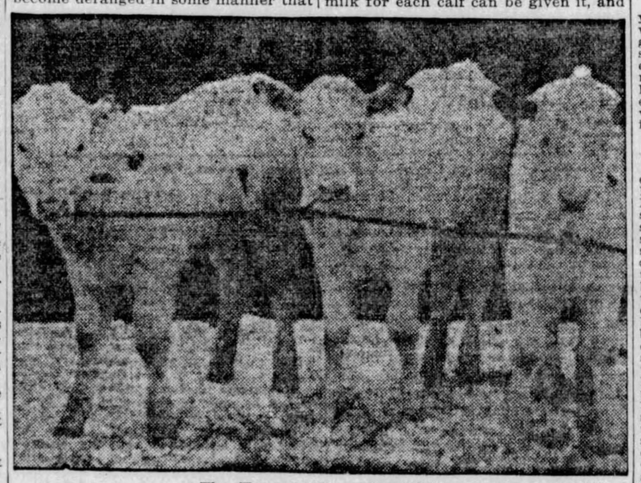
It is a fact well known among farmers breeders and dairymen that the number of cattle of all classes in the country is considerably below what it should be to meet the demands for meats and dairy products. Better prices for cattle of all breeds and classes seem to be assured, when we take a rational view of the prospects in the future.

Among the breeders of pure-bred beef cattle there are evidences of an active demand for sires, for the men who follow general farming and keep a few cows to supply the family needs are observing that it pays to raise some calves to consume the roughage on the farm and make some beef cattle to sell to swell the general income on the farm. Among the dairymen there is always a constant demand for cows to take the place of the worn-out cows in the herd and improve the general character of the herd.

While on every side there is good reason for knowing how to raise calves by hand, it is safe to assert that not one-half the breeders and dairymen know how to raise calves successfully in such a manner as to make them live and thrive, and to raise them within the limits of reasonable expense. If we had at hand the number of calves that die from mismanagement before they reach six months of age, where the effort has been made to raise them by hand, it would certainly be appalling. The old complaint of "bad luck" is reiterated again and again, when the facts are that the cause is either a lack of knowledge as to how to handle and feed or gross neglect.

Among the first considerations with the farmers who raise calves for either beef or dairy is that new milk is valuable, and that as soon as practicable the calf must be put on skim milk. We should first consider that we must respect nature and nature's ways, and not make a too abrupt break from what nature designed as the food for the young calf. The calf is so constituted that it needs the new milk from the mother at first to set the system working in the natural way, and it also needs the new milk to start it along and keep the system working in a healthy manner until the habits of the system can adapt themselves to artificial feeds, for that is what the feeds other than the new milk are.

I am willing to admit that new milk is costly feed to give to a calf, but when we consider the difference between the value of a calf well started along in life and one whose system has become deranged in some manner that will require months to overcome the difficulties with which it is afflicted, if it does not die and become a total loss, we must plead for the safest and surest way, and give the calf new milk for a reasonable length of time.



—The Younger Generation Waiting for Breakfast.

Growing animals need lots of food, especially the kind that builds bone and muscle. Where older animals need only to repair wornout tissue, young ones must receive enough food to renew tissue and add more as growth progresses. Skim milk contains the protein, maker of bone and muscle; the fat furnishes material for energy and adds fat itself to the body from the excess not used in the production of energy.

One of the first mistakes is to allow the calf to run with the cow until the milk is considered fit to use, and then take it from the cow and force it to eat skim milk. It is better to take the calf from the cow as soon as dropped, and teach it to drink then, than to let it get the habit of sucking before learning to drink. It is also better for the cow to remove the calf at once, as she will not worry as much as when she has been allowed to be with the calf for a few days.

Another mistake is to change abruptly from new milk to skim milk while the calf is young. If the calf has been fed new milk for three or four weeks it can be changed to the skim milk gradually and not check its growth or produce any bad results.

By the time the calf is four weeks old it ought to be taking four quarts of new milk twice per day. Begin by substituting one quart of skim milk and three quarts of new milk at a feeding for a few days, and then change to half new milk and half skim milk, and so on until at the end of the sixth week it is taking all skim milk.

As soon as one begins to feed skim milk one should begin to use some feed to take the place of the cream. It is a good feed to take at first about a tablespoonful of oatmeal and make it into a porridge, and put into the milk to feed each time for a few days. The amount of the porridge can be increased gradually as the skim milk is increased, and thus prevent any check in the growth of the calf.

Another mistake is to give too much milk at a time. Some think as the quality of the milk is diminished the quantity must be increased. Such is a dangerous practice. It is also a grave error very often made to feed too much concentrated or grain feeds to the calf while young. It is better to not feed all the milk or grain that the calf could possibly utilize. The result of overfeeding of either milk or grain is diarrhoea. One should remember that the stomach of a calf then its grain fed dry, and what hay it needs before it is let loose. By this plan the nuisance of sucking each other's ears is avoided.

By keeping the calves in yard and shed they can be kept away from the flies in the summer time, a thing worth considering. In the winter time they can be sheltered from the storms and cold weather and made comfortable all of the time.

The success in raising calves by hand depends on the skill and judgment of the man who has the business in charge. If a calf gets a diarrhoea, or, what is worse, the scours, it is indication that it has not been treated properly in some way. The fault is generally in the feeder, and the reason for the condition should be sought out, and, if possible, remedied by a change of either manner of feeding or quantity of feed given. If good judgment and skill are used a hand-raised calf should nearly equal the one raised on the dam at one year of age and be its equal at two and three years of age.

IT SLUGS HARD

Coffee a Sure and Powerful Bruiser.

"Let your coffee slave be denied his cup at its appointed time! Headache—sick stomach—fatigue like unto death. I know it all in myself, and have seen it in others. Strange that thinking, reasoning beings will persist in its use," says a Topeka, Kansas, man.

He says further that he did not begin drinking coffee until after he was twenty years old, and that slowly it began to poison him, and affect his hearing through his nervous system.

"Finally, I quit coffee and the conditions slowly disappeared, but one cold morning the smell of my wife's coffee was too much for me and I took a cup. Soon I was drinking my regular allowance, tearing down brain and nerves by the daily dose of the nefarious concoction.

Later I found my breath coming hard and frequent fits of nausea, and then I was taken down with bilious fever.

"Common sense came to me and I quit coffee for good and went back to Postum. I at once began to gain and have had no returns of my bilious symptoms, headache, dizziness, or vertigo.

"I now have health, bright thoughts, and added weight, where before there was invalidism, the blues, and a skeleton-like condition of the body.

"My brother quit coffee because of its effect on his health and now uses Postum. He could not stand the nervous strain while using coffee, but keeps well on Postum.

"Miss F., I know personally, was incapable of doing a day's work while she was using coffee. She quit it and took up Postum and is now well and has perfectly steady nerves."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE STRAWBERRY PLANT FAMILY

Strawberry plants send out runners which, on striking the soil a few inches distant from the mother, form self-sustaining plants, as shown above. In this way a mat of plants soon cover the ground unless controlled. Some growers prefer to remove all runners, claiming the berries are much larger thereby. Cultivation is then able to be given and the vigor of the mother plant (usually wasted in the making of runners and supporting of the small plants for a short time) is increased.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The folowing questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a 9-year-old gelding that went lame a year ago in the right hind leg. Recently he has become very lame, the same leg having been treated for ringbone when he was a 4-year-old, and it was supposed to have been killed. Will someone tell me what to do?—C., Adrian, Mich.

Will some reader of the Farmstead columns please tell me what to do for chickens that have the gapes? Also please give the cause. Because of this disease I find it difficult to raise chickens.—A., Mt. Nebo, W. Va.

What can I do for my rhubarb to make it grow? It is supposed to be of the mammoth variety, but the stalks never get much larger than a lead pencil. Would like to have an answer from some experienced person.—R., Phillips, Nebr.

Can any Blade reader give me the formula for the solution for tempering coiled springs?—S., Rockford, O.

Down here we have been unable to raise any tomatoes for three years. The vines grow and do well until the tomatoes are about half grown, then they begin to dry up and the tomatoes become affected by dry rot. Would be pleased to know the cause and a remedy. —R., Zionville, N. C.

Are there any Farmstead readers who have had experience grafting flowers? If so, will they kindly tell us how it is done?—Mrs. S., Cumberland, Md.

Last fall my calves took a cough, lost flesh rapidly and then took the scours, and were soon dead. I would like to know the cause, and have a remedy. Is the disease contagious?—H., W. Va.

POLISHING HORNS

E., Manson, Ind., wants to know how to polish steer horns. Perhaps the following process for polishing cattle horns will answer the purpose: Soak the horn in hot water to soften it and remove the pith. With an old wood rasp, or one such as the horseshoers use, remove the rough outside coat and rings. Then rub around the horn with coarse sandpaper, following this with finer sandpaper, and then rub lengthwise of the horn with fine emery paper, or with a flannel rag moistened in linseed oil and dipped into as much powdered chalk, emery flour or sifted wood ashes, so as to take out all the file marks and cross scratches made by the sandpaper. Finish with a clean olled flannel rag and wipe dry with tissue paper. Finely powdered pumice stone may be used instead of emery paper.—W., Sullivan, O.

SWOLLEN HOCK JOINT

Will some reader of the Farmstead suggest a remedy for reducing the swelling in a hock joint? Horse was hurt February 20, last, and the only mark I could see was a small wound on the outside. The wound has healed, but the joint remains swollen and is very hard. The horse will not set the foot on the ground.—K., Brownsville, Pa.

Dissolve all the salpeter and coarse salt you can in one-half pint of pure cider vinegar. After 10 hours pour off the vinegar and add to it one-half pint of soft soap, made from wood ashes. Mix in earthern vessel. Apply with the hand and rub well about every two days. This has cured similar cases where four veterinarians failed. Don't be afraid you will take the hair off.—W., South Bloomingville, Ohio.

POULTRY AILMENTS

"Only in rare instances does poultry require doctoring," says Kate V. Saint-Maur in Woman's Home Companion for May, "yet it is well to be prepared with sufficient knowledge to recognize the symptoms of approaching trouble. A few small coops should be kept in some dry, sheltered outhouse, to be used as quarantine quarters. Empty dry goods boxes turned on their sides, with half the front boarded across and a door of wire netting to close the other half, make good coops for individual patients. They should be covered all around, sides and top and bottom, with roofing paper, to insure freedom from draft. The boxes may be any size, but I like them about 18 inches wide and high, and about two and a half feet long. To avoid dampness, and for convenience in attending to the birds, it is well to elevate them on legs or stand them on a shelf or bench. Before using, or whenever they are vacated, they should be disinfected and the inside thoroughly painted with whitewash. The enameled cups without handles can be attached to the side of the coop by wire loops."

HINTS FOR STOCK OWNERS

From May Farm Journal.

Dock the lambs early that are to be kept in the flock.

The flock should be turned to pasture early, while there is a short bite, but leave them out only a short time at first.

The change from dry feed to pasture should be made very gradually.

Sudden changes cause indigestion and scours.

A run on the rye fields will be good for the sheep and good for the rye.

The cows should not be driven faster than a walk while on the way to the place of milking or feeding.

Give the calves a clean lock of bright clover or mixed hay every day. You will be surprised how soon they will begin to eat it.

The spring calves should be kept in roomy box stall the first summer so they can be protected from the scalding sun and bothering flies.

When the calf is about a month old separator milk can be given with flaxseed jelly added. Begin with about two tablespoonfuls and increase to a cupful.

THE PROPAGATION AND CULTURE OF BLACKBERRIES

By Prof. J. Troop.
Purdue University Agricultural Experiment Station.

The blackberry follows the raspberry in time of ripening, although some earlier varieties lap over with the later varieties of raspberries. There are still some sections of our state where the blackberry runs wild and where it is not necessary to spend time in its cultivation. Such localities, however, are becoming fewer each year as the timber lands are cleared up, so that at the present time the blackberry should find a place in nearly every farmer's garden.

The blackberry is easily propagated by means of root cuttings; that is one reason why it sprouts so badly where deep cultivation is practiced. Wherever a root is broken it sends out new shoots. If enough new plants cannot be found of the desired varieties, young roots from the old plants may be taken and cut into pieces three or four inches in length and as many as are wanted. These may be scattered in a row a few inches apart, covered two or three inches with soil and allowed to grow one year before transplanting into the permanent plot.

The soil best adapted to their bearing is a rather rich sand. If set on moist, rich muck land the canes will grow too rank and produce too little fruit, and besides are more likely to winter kill.

Unless it is desired to have only a single row for home use which can be planted along one side of the garden, the rows had better be planted about seven or eight feet apart, and the plants six feet apart in the row. This will give plenty of room to cultivate with a horse and cultivator. Cultivation should always be shallow in order to prevent tearing up too many roots. To secure fine fruit and plenty of it, most of the suckers must be cut out when young, as, if they are allowed to grow, they will weaken the main canes by crowding and depriving them of nourishment. It is generally understood that blackberries should not be cultivated in autumn, as cultivation will have a tendency to cause them to make new wood which will not have time to ripen up before winter. Hence, otherwise hardy varieties will be quite likely to winter kill.

This is quite essential, and yet if the mulch is put on before freezing weather, the result will be the same as with late cultivation. After the ground freezes put on a good coating of straw or coarse manure.

As soon as the young canes are two or two and a half feet high, the tips should be nipped off, to cause them to branch out and become stocky enough to support themselves without much staking. If it is necessary to support them, a single solid stake at each end of the row with a wire running at each side, as mentioned for raspberries, will be all that is necessary to keep the canes out of the way of the horse when cultivating and also to insure clean berries.

Like the raspberry, the blackberry bears its fruit on wood of the previous year's growth, hence all of these old fruiting canes should be cut out and burned as soon as they are done fruiting.

Varieties. Among all of the species of cultivated berries there is always an old standby that seems to be the general favorite under almost all conditions. Among blackberries it is the Snyder. Everybody plants the Snyder; not because it produces the largest and finest fruit, but because it is the most reliable on the greatest variety of soils. Eldorado, Rathbun, Agawam, Taylor and Early Harvest are all good, but Early Harvest is somewhat tender and liable to winter kill if not protected. This is a favorite variety in southern Indiana, where, with a little protection, it produces bountifully.

Next to dry weather the orange rust is the most serious drawback to blackberry culture. This is a fungous disease which attacks the leaves of the young shoots early in the season. The disease spreads very rapidly and kills everything that it attacks. The plantations should be carefully watched and whenever the disease makes its appearance, all affected parts should be cut out and burned. The plants in the immediate vicinity should then be sprayed with the Bordeau mixture.

The lifetime of the plantation will depend very largely upon the adaptability of the soil, and the treatment which the plants secure during their time of service. Under favorable circumstances a plantation should continue to bear good crops for eight or ten years.

ANSWERS BY A VETERINARIAN

Dr. A. S. Alexander.
Wisconsin College of Agriculture

I saw in a notice of a veterinary meeting that one man was going to read a paper about "Johne's Disease of Cattle." I have been unable to find anything about a disease of that name in books and would be glad to have you tell me what it is and if it has been found in this country.—M. G. H., Illinois.

Reply—Johne's disease is characterized by a persistent diarrhoea which causes the animal to gradually pine away and die, the appetite keeping up until the last. It may disappear for a time under effects of a change to more generous feeding, but it comes back and always proves fatal when the animal has run down in strength from allaving or other cause. It is due to a specific germ which was isolated by Johne and also by Bang and other in Germany, Denmark and other foreign countries. It also has been found present in cases of the disease discovered in recent years in this country. It is incurable and the disease is spread to other cattle by way of the manure which contains the germs. After death the small intestine (lining membrane) is found to be intensely puckered or wrinkled and somewhat thickened. The last third of the small intestine is most affected. It has recently been discovered by Bang that tuberculin made from the bacillus of avian (fowl) tuberculosis will cause a reaction in animals affected with Johne's disease. This tuberculin is now being tried on suspected cattle in this country.

Mortality of Cats

In my district we cannot keep cats, as they all seem to loose flesh, pine away and die. The cats are well fed on new, warm milk from the cow at each milking time, and they live about the stables. We need the cats to keep rats down and would like to know of some plan by which we may have cats do well and keep healthy. Many other people here have had similiar experience in losing cats.—Subscriber.

Reply—We think you have proved with certainty that the cows are afflicted with tuberculosis, and in all probability some of them have tuberculosis of the udder. We have had several similar complaints from other districts, and the cause has been as we have indicated here. At once have the cows tested with tuberculin and elliminate the ones that have the dread disease. If cats contract the disease and die it should be understood that the same milk is dangerous and even deadly, to children. There is no doubt about this. It has been proved over and over again, and men are foolish—yes, criminally careless or indifferent—if they fail to have their cows tested with tuberculin. Affected milk taken warm from the cow, as it is taken by the cats every day, will certainly cause tuberculosis in cats. They are very susceptible to the disease. So are pigs. The affected milk would prove surely fatal to any young animal. Cats also die of distemper and may carry diphtheria to children. It is important to keep them free from disease.

When cows begin to scour when first turned out on grass in spring what will stop the trouble? It is a nuisance and cows do not thrive well while it lasts. I have tried alum, but it is not a safe remedy.—D. R., Pennsylvania.

Reply.—Feed some dry hay before the cows are turned out and give each half a pound of cottonseed meal once a day and increase to a pound at a feed if deemed necessary. This will promptly check the scours complained of. Cottonseed meal is binding; flaxseed meal is laxative.

DOES A COW SWEAT?

We have been having a discussion as to how different animals sweat and we would like you to tell us if a cow sweats, and if so, on what part of body? Some say one place, some another, and some that a cow doesn't sweat at all. Also explain about horses, hogs, cats and dogs.—M. P. B., Wis.

Reply.—There are sweat glands in the skin of the cow and she has been occasionally known to sweat all over the body, but usually the sweating is at the muzzle. Hogs sweat only on the snout. Cats and dogs sweat most on nose. Horses sweat on all parts of the body except the legs.

WORMS

I have a bunch of fall pigs, and although they have had plenty to eat, they are not much, if any, bigger than they were last October, and they seem to wander about wanting something they do not find. What is wrong with them, and what will make them take on flesh and fat? Some say to feed tankage, others tell me it will hurt them.—M. B. Iowa.

Reply.—Worms are the most likely cause of the conditions or lack of condition described. At once mix in the slop, for five successive days a week, sulphate of iron (copperas) at the rate of one-half pound for 100 pigs, and repeat the following week if necessary. Tankage added to other nutritious foods at the rate of 10 per cent of the mixture will prove beneficial, but gradually accustom the pigs to changes of food. We take it for granted that you have been feeding nutritious foods, such as corn, middlings, bran, flaxseed meal, oatmeal and milk in some combination or another. If not, then commence such feeding now and give the pigs free range out of doors.

FISTULA OF COLON

We traded for a gelding recently and soon after taking him home discovered a sore lump high up on the right flank near the spine and close to the rib. He does not want us to touch the place, but it is getting to feel soft, as if it contained fluid. What would be the likely cause, and should it be blistered? —N. T., Iowa.

Reply.—The lump is an abscess and the probable cause is tapping with a trocar and canula when the horse had an attack of wind colic. It will be necessary to clip off the hair and open the abscess freely for perfect evacuation of pus. Then swab out the cavity and pack it daily with oakum saturated in a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil. Such abscesses often are difficult to handle, and it would be best to employ an expert surgeon. The cause is infection of the wound by use of a dirty instrument or foreign bodies entering the wound from outside or from the colon (large intestine).

This is the month when cows go to pasture through a large part of the country. Give them a good start. Keep them in good heart till they have really made the change from hay to grass. It will pay.

The Crust Under the Mulch

BY E. R. PARSONS.

Every dry year someone asks: What can we do when a crust forms under the mulch?

Nothing can prevent this crust forming if the drouth lasts long enough.

The top inch of the mulch dries first, then the second, then the third, and then the inevitable crust begins to form underneath and becomes thicker and thicker with every day of drouth.

We cannot break up this crust without destroying the crop, but we can render this crust perfectly harmless by the right kind of plowing, and that is all that is necessary.

The formation of this crust depends on two different factors, the drouth above and the moisture conditions below.

People sometimes talk and write in magazines about the dry farmer making a cistern for moisture and putting the lid on and so forth, as if he had all the water he could handle, but the fact of the matter is we can wet up our land by conserving moisture to a certain percentage to a certain limit only, which is determined by the capillarity of the soil in question, and above that limit, which is more or less constant, it is impossible to raise it, as long as there is a dry subsoil below, which is the true condition of the dry farm soil. What I mean is this: when a storm comes the water goes down by capillarity or gravity, or both combined, until it is too diffused to go any further; capillarity ceases for the time being until another storm comes and starts it again; then it goes down again until it stops for lack of water. Now, if we make a test of this soil for moisture a day or so after a storm, when capillarity has ceased working, we find we have no more moisture in the soil than we had before, the percentage is the same, but it has gone down further. We are obtaining a greater depth of moist ground.

Some farmers plow shallow, owing to a misconception of this action of moisture. They expect the moisture to rise by capillarity to moisten their crust and hold the drouth at bay, when capillarity is already exhausted by the downward pull of gravity.

After making several hundred tests in all varieties of soil during the last 30 years, I have been unwillingly forced to the inevitable conclusion that capillarity as a help to the dry farmer in bringing up moisture from the subsoil to the roots of his crops is a negligible quantity on true dry farm land that is not sub-irrigated. We all allow, however, that capillarity works very strongly sometimes for a few days on the top three or four inches after wet weather, before the moisture has diffused downward, and we can make use of this knowledge for seed germination, by using the press drill, which will draw the moisture to the packed seed rows, without packing and baking the whole field.

Deep Plowing.

Since the moisture does not rise to moisten our crust except very slightly by distillation, it is clear that the best thing we can do is to go down after the moisture. The only way to do this is to plow deeply, not any six or seven inches, but eight, nine, 10 or 12.

Supposing that a man plows six or seven inches, his mulch, which should be about three inches, becomes four, then the inevitable crust forms, one or two inches thick; how much will he have left for his crop? About one inch. Is it any wonder the crop dries out? On the other hand, if he plows 10 to 12 inches deep, he will have six inches of soil left for his crop before coming to the hardpan. After six or eight weeks' drouth this crop will have as much dirt to grow on as the shallow plower gives his crops at the start.

Packing or rolling increases the conductivity, but reduces the moisture holding capacity of land for water, and promotes the formation of a crust in clay soils. Every inch of the drouth creeps downward into our soil the longer it takes to dry out the succeeding inch; the top inch may dry out in a few days, but it takes months to dry out the fifth inch, therefore, with even 10-inch plowing, we have a very good chance to weather any drouth that comes.

There are few things so unpopular with the farmers of the west as deep plowing. Fair results are often obtained by shallow plowing during wet seasons for the reason that whether a man takes care of his land or not, if there is sufficient rainfall to soak the subsoil the roots of a crop do not stop at the bottom of the furrow, but go on down into the moist solid dirt underneath. But even in a wet season, like last year in Montana, for instance, deep plowing always pays.

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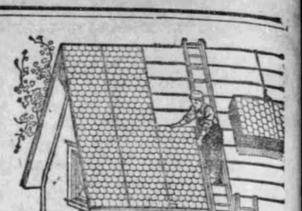

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QUESTIONS OF THE FEED LOT

"I have 25 very choice high-grade Angus yearlings which I wish to feed to fit them for the International next winter. I am now feeding corn and cob meal, oil meal and timothy hay. Would you advise turning them to pasture or keeping them in the dry lot during the summer, and what change in feeding, if any, would you suggest?"

In the first place, I believe you would get better results if you have an abundance of good pasture to turn the cattle on to, leaving them there until the grass becomes too short and the flies troublesome. I would keep up, as far as possible, the grain ration while the cattle are on grass. Of course I do not need to say that timothy hay is poor roughage, indeed, for fattening cattle. If the timothy hay could be disposed of to advantage and replaced with a good quality of clover or alfalfa it would pay you well to make the exchange. Feeding oil-meal would obviate some of the difficulty of feeding timothy hay. I believe you should change from corn and cob meal to corn meal as soon as the cattle are put on grass, and I would also suggest changing gradually from oil meal to cottonseed meal at about the same time. The grass will furnish sufficient bulk so that you will not need the cob for that purpose, and the cottonseed meal is especially good to supplement corn for feeding cattle on pasture. When the cattle are put in the dry lot again, for sake of variety and keeping up the appetites of the cattle, it might be well to change back gradually to the oil meal.

Turning Cows on Clover.

"More for the sake of building up the fertility of my soil, I was considering the proposition of feeding cattle on clover pasture. I also wished to avoid a clover harvest, which generally comes when one should be in his corn field. I expected to put the cattle on full feed of corn as quickly as possible, being followed, of course, with hogs. Some of the older farmers have warned me, saying I would run the danger of bloat. I expected to feed 44 head on 40 acres of clover and 11 acres of timothy and bluegrass. Is the element of danger a great one, and how can it be avoided?"

There is, of course, some danger from cattle bloating on clover, but clover is frequently pastured by cattle without loss, and I would suggest the following precautions, as there is much less danger of bloating when cattle are on full feed than when they are restricted to clover pasture alone. I understand that you are to continue the corn ration while the cattle are on grass. It is also better, as you suggest, to have a timothy and bluegrass pasture available. The greatest danger comes from turning cattle on the clover the first time. We have always made it a rule not to turn them on clover pasture when it was wet or the dew was on in the morning and to see to it that the cattle go onto the clover with a full stomach. If this is done the first time we have never lost an animal, although there has been some bloating.

Some recommend putting them on first for an hour, and the next day for two hours, and so on until they are gradually accustomed to the clover. Personally I prefer turning them on when they are full and when the clover is dry and leaving them on. In any event they should be watched closely until they are thoroughly accustomed to the clover.

Some cows are not bred right for profitable milk production, while others are not fed right. To make the greatest success both must go hand in hand.

PRESERVE SOIL FERTILITY

Feeding live stock must be considered from the standpoint of fertility of the soil and not alone from that of direct profit in the cattle or other animals. Beef cattle even more than dairy cattle can make an excellent use of some of the by-products in any other way.

It has been demonstrated at the University of Illinois through a series of years that the money received for corn which is fed to cattle was more than the corn would have brought in the market. I believe it takes a smarter and better-trained man to succeed with beef cattle than in the dairy business. That is why I am in the dairy business on my own farm in charge of a tenant. It takes a great deal of business ability to manage cattle feeding successfully.

I think the manure is worth considerably more than the labor involved in feeding the cattle. There is a decided movement in Illinois now toward grain farming instead of live stock. I think that is a serious mistake. Practically half the corn grown in Illinois is shipped out of the state, enough to fatten 2,000,000 steers. If the manure from these were properly preserved and properly applied to the land it would increase the producing capacity of the farms of this state $12,000,000. That is not a fancy nor a theory; it is a fact. Live stock consumes about 80 per cent of our corn. The high price of corn is caused by its demand to feed live stock far more than by its use as human food. Destroy the live stock market for corn and the price of corn will be much lower.

I do not advise dry-lot feeding in summer, but I am not sure, but we are coming to it. It must be demonstrated before we know about it. Pasture is the most expensive cattle feed. Silage makes cheaper beef than anything else. It can be kept throughout the year or two or three years. I have no doubt that silage is one of the most important feeds for beef cattle. I have never found a man who fed silage to beef cattle that has abandoned it. At the university the beef-breeding cows were wintered cheaper on silage and hay than they could be kept in summer. A silo 18 by 36 feet is ample to supply silage

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Elevator Economy.

New York Sun.

To get a profit out of a railroad the manager seeks loads both ways. If he has to haul cars one way empty it may mean a loss. It might seem that the same principle would apply in the running of these elevators in a business building, but in at least one establishment in this city a greater advantage is found in running the elevators one way empty.

There there are six large elevators ranged near together in two groups of three each. In the elevators of one group people are carried up only, while the others they are brought down, and the elevators thus running one way only.

This might seem like utilizing these elevators to only half their capacity, but as a matter of fact by this method of operation they are made to carry as many people than they could if they were run both ways full.

200% PROFIT

Handy Hame Fastener

A new invention to take the place of the old-time strap. Fastens instantly with gloves on. Works automatically. Don't freeze your fingers on cold days. Every horse owner will want about them. Fits any hame. No straps or buckles. Snaps in place instantly. Outwears the harness. Money back to any customer not pleased.

Write today for FREE SAMPLE

We will make more money than ever before. Don't say stock sold out before fairly get started.

Hame Mfg. Co., 678 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; nor prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

GOVERNMENT MINTS

Please give the number and location of the government mints in the United States.—G. W. D., Rarden, O.

The mints conducted by the United States government are located at New Orleans, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Denver. There is also one at Carson City which is equipped as an assay office.

GOLD IN UNITED STATES

Please tell where the gold in the United States is mined.—G. W. R., Centreville, Pa.

The principal states wherein gold is mined are California, Montana, Arizona, Colorado, Nevada and Idaho. Other states have furnished and still furnish large supplies. Alaska has also many mines.

ALEXANDER DUMAS

Please give me a biography of Alexandre Dumas.—W. J. R., Hanover, W. Va.

Alexandre Dumas, the Elder, the French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803, and died December 5, 1870. He was the son of a Republican general who bore the same name, and was the grandson of a marquis and a negress. He went to Paris at the age of 20 to push his fortune, and was employed by the duke of Orleans as secretary at 1,200 francs a year. He devoted his leisure hours to completing his education, and his ambition prompted him to shine in the field of literature. His lighter dramatic works brought little fame or profit to the author. When his drama, Henri III., was presented on the stage it became popular and was well received by the people. From that time on his fortunes increased and he became wealthy, holding several important positions at some time or other.

METEORIC SHOWER

Will you please tell what you can about the great meteoric shower of 1833?—E. S., Greenville, Pa.

The most brilliant meteoric shower on record was that which occurred on November 13, 1833. This spectacle, which excited the greatest interest among all beholders, and was looked upon with consternation by the ignorant, many of whom thought that the end of the world had come, was witnessed generally throughout North America, which happened to be the part of the earth then facing the meteoric storm. Hundreds of thousands of shooting stars fell in the course of two or three hours. Some observers compared their number to the flakes of a snow storm, or to the rain drops in a shower.

EUGENE N. FOSS

Will you please give short sketch of the life of Eugene N. Foss, and tell me if he is a brother of George N. Foss?—W. C., Plymouth, Wis.

Eugene Nobel Foss is a brother of George Edmund Foss. The former was born September 24, 1858. He graduated from college and then entered into the manufacturing business. Foss has held many important offices in various manufacturing plants in the United States. Since 1902 he has been prominent in tariff revision and reciprocity.

GETTYSBURG ACTRESS

Please give in these columns Lincoln's Gettysburg speech.—J. M. D., Lafferty, O.

"Four score and ten years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from those honored dead we take increased devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE

Please give the exact location of Mason and Dixon's line and tell what you know about it.—D. L. C., Fullerton, Neb.

Mason and Dixon's line was the name given to the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, which was surveyed in 1763-7 by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two English civil engineers. This survey was intended to settle a number of long-standing border disputes between the two colonies. It ran due west, in north latitude 39 degrees 43 minutes, 26.3 seconds for 245 miles. The line was resurveyed in 1849, but so carefully had the work been done it was not found necessary to make any change in the line. During the exciting debates in congress in 1820 on the question of admitting Missouri as a slave state, John Randolph, first referred to Mason and Dixon's line as the figurative boundary line between free and slave territory. In this sense it has ever since been used.

MARINE CITY

Please tell me something concerning Marine City, in Michigan.—E. H., East Cornwallis, Ore.

Marine City, Mich., is a banking city in St. Clair county. It is on the St. Clair river at the mouth of the Belle river. A railroad runs through the town to Detroit, which is 50 miles southwest. The population in 1900 was 3,829. It has a large salt works and shipyards.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

Will you kindly give a brief sketch of the life of John D. Rockefeller?—R. L. B., Cornwallis, Ore.

John Davison Rockefeller was born in Richford, N. Y., in 1839; removed to Cleveland, O., in 1853; had a public school education; became clerk in a commission house, and at 19 became partner in the firm of Clark & Rockefeller, commission merchants. The firm later became Andrews, Clark & Co., and engaged in the oil business, then in its infancy. In 1865, the firm then William Rockefeller & Co., built the Standard Oil works in Cleveland. This became the Standard Oil Co. in 1870. Mr. Rockefeller has since been the head of the entire business.

JOHN POPE

Please give a sketch of Gen. John Pope, of civil war fame.—C. A. G., Birds, Ill.

John Pope, the American soldier, was born March 16, 1822, and died September 23, 1892. At the age of 20 he graduated from West Point and was assigned to the topographical engineers. When the United States became engaged in a war with Mexico Pope was brevetted a captain. After the war he was at the head of an exploring expedition, which was engaged in Minnesota, in 1853 he was sent to New Mexico to take part in surveys for the projected Pacific railway, and the following year began to explore the plains and the Rocky mountains, being the first to experiment in the irrigation of arid western tracts by means of artesian wells. When Pope returned from these duties in 1859 he criticised President Buchanan's policy, and for this action was court-martialed, but the trial was later dropped. At the beginning of the civil war Pope was brigadier general of volunteers and was put in command of a brigade in Missouri. He effected the capture of New Madrid and Island No. 10. For this he was promoted major general of volunteers and brigadier general of regulars. He was then changed to the command of the Army of Virginia, being engaged in the second battle of Bull Run. In this he was badly worsted by Jackson, and on his return to Washington was removed from command. Pope was transferred to the west, where he directed a campaign against the Sioux. After the war he was successively in command of various military departments and retired with the rank of major general U. S. A.

U. S. SENATE

Please give the name of each of the United States senators from each of the states.—J. E. J., Reinersville, O.

The United States senators from Alabama are Joseph F. Johnston and John H. Bankhead; from Arkansas, James P. Clarke and Jefferson Davis; from California, George C. Perkins and Frank P. Flint; Colorado, Charles J. Hughes, Jr., and Simon Guggenheim; Connecticut, Frank B. Brandegee and M. G. Bulkeley; Delaware, Henry A. Du Pont and H. A. Richardson; Florida, Duncan U. Fletcher and N. Jefferson Davis; Georgia, Alexander S. Clay and Augustus O. Bacon; Idaho, Weldon B. Heyburn and William E. Borah; Illinois, William Lorimer and Shelby M. Cullom; Indiana, Benj. F. Shively and Albert J. Beveridge; Iowa, Albert B. Cummins and Jonah Dolliver; Kansas, Joseph R. Bristow and Charles Curtis; Kentucky, William O. Bradley and T. H. Paynter; Louisiana, Sam D. McEnery and Murphy J. Foster; Maine, Eugene Hale and William P. Frye; Maryland, John W. Smith and Isador Rayner; Massachusetts, Henry C. Lodge and Winthrop M. Crane; Michigan, Julius C. Burrows and William A. Smith; Minnesota; Moses E. Clapp and Knute Nelson; Mississippi, H. D. Money and A. J. McLaurin; Missouri, William J. Stone and William Warner; Montana, Thomas H. Carter and Joseph M. Dixon; Nebraska, Elmer J. Burkett and Norris Brown; Nevada, F. G. Newlands and George S. Nixon; New Hampshire, Jacob H. Gallinger and H. E. Burnham; New Jersey, John Kean and Frank O. Briggs; New York, Elihu Root and C. M. Depew; North Carolina, Lee S. Overman and F. McL. Simmons; North Dakota, Found L. Thompson and P. J. McCumber; Ohio, Theodore E. Burton and Charles Dick; Oklahoma, Robert L. Owens and Thomas P. Gore; Oregon, G. E. Chamberlain and Jonathan Bourne, Jr.; Pennsylvania, Boies Penrose, and George T. Oliver; Rhode Island, Nelson W. Aldrich and George P. Wetmore; South Carolina, E. D. Smith and Benj. R. Tillman; South Dakota, Coe I. Crawford and Robert J. Gamble; Tennessee, James P. Frazier and Robert L. Taylor; Texas, C. A. Culberson and Joseph W. Bailey; Utah, Reed Smoot and George Sutherland; Vermont, W. P. Dillingham and Carroll S. Page; Virginia, John W. Daniel and Thomas S. Martin; Washington, Wesley L. Jones and Samuel H. Piles; West Virginia, Nathan B. Scott and Stephen B. Elkins; Wisconsin, Isaac Stephenson and Robert M. LaFollette; Wyoming, Clarence D. Clark and Francis E. Warren.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE

Please give an account of the Mountain Meadow massacre.—J. H. E. G., Fort Payne, Ala.

On the 11th of September, 1857, an emigrant party numbering about 140 souls, was journeying peacefully through Utah on their way to California, when they were suddenly attacked by a horde of savages, ostensibly Indians, at Mountain Meadow. Although taken by surprise, the heroic emigrants kept their assailants at bay for five days, and were finally conquered only by treachery. They were induced by John D. Lee, who represented himself as a friend and mediator, to lay down their arms and return to the east on the understanding that their lives would be spared. Guided by Lee, the emigrants started on their return journey September 15, 1857, but they were soon attacked from an ambush and all but 17—these children under seven years of age—were murdered. The Mormons were accused of the massacre, but for many years persisted in charging it to the Indians, but in 1874 evidence of the complicity of the Mormons was discovered and an investigation was ordered by the United States government, which indicated the guilt of John D. Lee, who was arrested and tried for the offense in 1875. Every efort was made by the wealthy Mormon church to save Lee, and after two years of delay on legal technicalities, on March 23, 1877, 20 years after his terrible deed, Lee was taken to the scene of the massacre and executed by being shot.

COMMITTEE ON RULES

Will you please give the names of the members of the new committee on rules in the lower house of congress?—A. K., Penn Run, Pa.

The committee on rules as provided for by the recent resolution passed by the house of representatives, which curtailed a great deal of the power of the speaker, is as follows: Chairman Dalzell, members Smith, of Iowa; Boutelle, Lawrence, Fassett, Smith, of California; Clark, of Missouri, Underwood, Dixon and Fitzgerald.

STEAMSHIP LINES

Will you please tell me what steamship lines connect with ports in Germany and what the names of the liners are.—J. G., Brookings, S. D.

The passenger steamship lines between New York and a port in Germany are the Hamburg-American line and the North German Lloyd. The liners of the first line sail to Hamburg, Germany, and of the second to Bremen, Germany. The names of the steamers of the Hamburg-American line are the Deutschland, Pennsylvania, Pretoria, Graf Waldersee, Patricia, Bulgaria, Batavia, Moltke, Blucher, Hamburg, Amerika, Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, President Lincoln, President Grant, Cleveland and Cincinnati. Those of the North German Lloyd are Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, Friedrich der Grosse, Bremen, Grosser Kurfurst, Rhein, Main, Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm, Kronprinz Wilhelm, Neckar, Kaiser Wilhelm II., Princess Alice, Kronprinzessin Cecilie and George Washington.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. W. D., Sandy Lake, Pa.: There has been no ship subsidy bill passed by congress.

C. C. S., Cumberland Gap, Tenn.: We have discussed your question many times in these columns.

H. C. J., Jonesville, Va.: Samuel R. Van Sant is the present commander of the G. A. R. The next encampment will be held at Atlantic City, N. J.

F. R. G., Wallace, [illegible] Va.: It would take too much space to answer your question in this paper.

F. K., Bloom City, Wis.: The 59th congress passed the present naturalization laws.

The Error of Apology.

Good Mrs. Brown a dinner party gave one night for them,
And she'd arrange a splendid dinner, too;
But the moment all were seated she looked sadly at the men
And murmured, "Oh, I don't know what to do;
Somehow, things have turned out badly; there are things I've overlooked;
There are dishes burned. I'm fearful, and some dishes undercooked."
And she kept apologizing till the guests at last declared
That a really splendid dinner had been wonderfully prepared.

Now Arthur Green was called on for a speech not long ago,
A chance that Arthur Green was glad to get,
For he had an honest message, something men would like to know,
'Twas a speech that, hearing, no one would regret.
But Arthur started out this way: "I cannot make a speech;
I'm really not an orator, the art's beyond my reach,
I'm afraid that I shall bore you, I'm afraid I'll weary you."
Though his speech was really clever, all were glad when he got through.

Now, in this world of our's there are a legion Mrs. Browns,
And Arthur Greens on every hand we know.
They spoil their own productions by the largeness of their frowns,
And flaws that never would be seen they show.
They begin apologizing for the work they're going to do,
And they make us all distrustful and before they're really through
We've decided they are failures, for we only see their flaws
That they pointed out to start with—thus they miss the world's applause.

Young man, if you are going to do a deed that's worth your while,
Step up before the world and do your best.
Don't pave the way for failure or give men a chance to smile
By regretting you're not equal to the test.
Don't apologize for efforts that may feeble be or lame
Don't say that there are others who could better do the same;
Display a bit of confidence in what you're going to do
And the world will very quickly put some confidence in you.

—Detroit Free Press.

30 ft. Bowels—

Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important—It's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—then they act right—means health to your whole body. 911

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—Million boxes a month.

Fur Market at Winnipeg

MILLIONS of dollars worth of precious furs are brought down each spring from the far north, and agents in Winnipeg representing the great fur dealers of the world bid upon the packs offered.

During 1909 it is estimated that furs to the value of $12,000,000 were shipped from the western provinces to the United States and England. When it is considered that this represents the wholesale value of the raw furs, it shows in some measure their enormous value when manufactured.

Raw furs enter the United States free of duty, and all the consignments are made each year to New York. Many of these are made into furs for use in the United States, although the large majority go on to London, where at the great annual fur sale the prices for the year are made.

The reason why these furs go to New York instead of London direct is that there is a dealer in New York who takes large consignments of all kinds of furs and advances to the shipper 60 per cent of their value based on the last London sales.

When the price is established and the sales finally made, the broker returns to the shipper the full value of the furs as indicated by the London sales, less his commission. This system provide the small shipper with current funds.

The northern part of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are great hunting grounds, and the further north the trapper goes away from civilization the greater his returns. Through the Peace river valley, which a few years ago furnished a fine quality of furs, there are great harvest fields, and the trapper has trekked further north into the Mackenzie and Keewatin countries, trapping from Great Slave lake and as far north as Coronation gulf, whose most southerly point begins at the Arctic Circle.

The present season, according to Fur News, has not been a good one for trappers. The deep snow has made it difficult to operate in the woods, and the remarkably mild winter has also been a factor. The shippers say the best fur comes in early spring, shipments arriving from about the middle of February up to the latter part of March.

It is not unusual for a team of dogs pulling a huge sleigh stocked with furs to be driven all the way from Hudson Bay to Winnipeg. While there is such an acute demand for furs, the dealers are especially anxious and the prices obtained this season have been beyond anything ever known in the fur market of western Canada.

The Deed Is the Man.

The Dream is the babe in the love-lit nest,
And the rollicking boy at play;
The Dream is the Youth with the old, old zest
For the rare romance of a day.
Then the Deed strides forth to the distant goal
That has dazzled since life began;
For the Dream is the child of the ramp ant soul—
But the Deed is the man!

The Dream is the peak that is seen afar,
And the wish for the eagle's wings;
The Dream is the song to the beckoning star
That the world-waif fondly sings;
Then the Deed comes crowned with the strength and skill
That doth perfect a golden plan;
For the Dream is the child of the Sovereign Will—
But the Deed is the man!

The Dream is the mask that would make men dare,
And the boast that would count them brave;
The Dream is the honors that heroes wear
And the glory that high hearts crave;
Then the Deed gives battle to pride and pelf
As only a conqueror can;
For the Dream is the child of the Better Self—
But the Deed is the man!

No song was so sweet, and no star so bright,
As the Dream of the Nazarene;
From the Virgin's bosom to Calvary's height,
It sang and it shone serene.
Then the Deed proclaimed him King of His Kind
As the blood of the Martyr ran.
For the Dream was the child of the Master-mind—
But the Deed was the Man!

—James C. McNally, in Progress Magazine.

Taxation and Prosperity.

Leslie's Weekly.

Not many understand the relation of taxation to prosperity. Everybody should know about it. Wherever a liberal policy has been adopted by the local assessors great prosperity has resulted, as, for example, in Schnectady, in New York, which has grown in population from 13,675 in 1880 to 76,000 in 1910, and in assessed valuation from $3,293,410 to $43,458,325, has multiplied its population 600 per cent and its assessed valuation 1,400 per cent in 30 years. Schenectady in 1906 had upward of 400 manufacturing plants, with a total output of over $35,000,000 of products. These statements are a part of resolutions adopted by the New York Board of Trade and transportation, preliminary to an official call for a state convention to consider the advisability of amending the state law for the taxation of manufacturing corporations, so that their taxation upon capital and surplus, outside of real estate and special franchises, will be uniform throughout the state, and will protect them from inequitable taxation upon their machinery and tools and all investment employed in manufacturing as is done in Pennsylvania, Maryland, several other states and the Dominion of Canada.

Where Seaweed Is Food

IN NO other country of the world, perhaps, are seaweeds utilized to the same extent as in Japan. At all seasons of the year this product of the deep is harvested, and it forms not only a large item in the food of the people, but the material from which many articles of commerce are manufactured.

The coast of Japan abounds in all kinds of marine plant life, more so than the shores of almost any other country, and along the coast line of some 17,500 miles, thousands of people are constantly engaged in gathering in the harvests of fish and plant life, a crop that is more to be depended upon than those of the fields.

Of the more than 600 varieties of Japanese seaweed there are few which do not have some special use of value. The Japan magazine goes to quite a length in describing the various uses to which it is put. The Mokudzku and Futomodzku are eaten with raw fish, while such varieties as the Amanori, Aonori and Matsumo are dried and used as a relish. From another variety glue is made, while another is turned into excellent isinglass. Kombu produces iodine, while the better quantities are used as food. The Kombu is also regarded as appropriate for weddings and other festive occasions. Not infrequently, moreover, does seaweed become the theme of the Japanese poet, though its most interesting aspect is the fact that it forms an annual asset to the nation of not less than 3,000,000 yen, equivalent to about $1,500,000.

Nature has favored the country by making Amanori, the next valuable of Japanese seaweeds, the most common. This variety is to be found everywhere along the coast of the empire. In its raw state it is freely eaten, but its chief commercial value depends on handling it in a dried condition.

The mode of securing the weed is as interesting as it is unique. The branches of trees are bunched together and made fast in bays and river mouths, where the daily tides bring in the harvest of the deep and leave it clinging to the branches. Sometime after the Amanori has attached itself to its secure anchorage it attains a growth sufficient to warrant collecting, which is done chiefly in the month of November. As soon as the weed is brought in it is washed in several waters, and after the sand and all extraneous matters are eliminated the clean seaweed is placed on a chopping board, where it gives way to the quick strokes of the deftly handled knife. The minced weed is thereafter put in a wooden receptacle where water is allowed to drip on it through a bamboo screen. The final process is drying in the sun, after which it is ready for the market.

The industry in dried "nori" has been carried on in Tokyo for more than 100 years, Asakusa being the great center for its production and sale. Though the sea has long receded from its ancient borders in that section of the city since the industry first began the descendants of the old inhabitants still pursue the occupation of their forefathers, encouraged by the ever increasing use of this commodity throughout the empire.

Kombu, the species devoted to occasions of congratulation, is found chiefly along the northern coasts of Japan, and the time best adapted for gathering it is the latter part of July. The seaweed gleaners scatter it over the dry sand of the beach, where the sun soon deprives it of all moisture, after which it is cut up into faggot-like lengths and sent to the dealers. Before it is eaten it has to be steeped in water and flavored with sugar and soy. A large quantity of this variety is shipped to China, where it finds consumption to the extent of nearly 1,000,000 yen yearly.

The best quality of the Tengusa, from which isinglass is made, comes from the waters of the Pacific. The period for collecting it varies from March to September, according to the locality; as it grows on rocks below tide water and can be got only by diving. This part of the operation is performed chiefly by women, who are really more expert at it than the men. That gathered in the warm season has a greater commercial value because containing a greater percentage of gelatine. The weed is dried on the shore, packed in straw bags, and sold to the manufacturers of isinglass and glue, the annual output of the article having a value of some 400,000 yen.

There are various centers in Japan engaged in the manufacture of isinglass, but those about Osaka and Nagoya are the most important. This product, which the Japanese call Kanten, is peculiar to Japan and is used not only for food, but for the purpose of cement. A favorite Japanese sweetmeat called yokan is nothing more than isinglass mixed with sugar.

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Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

Canadian Reading

IMMIGRATION from the United States both pleases and dismays loyal Canadians. They like the help it gives them in building up the newer parts of their country. They find the money which is brought into the Dominion by these home-seekers from the "states" very useful. But they are often alarmed by the possibilities which lie in the arrival of from 60,000 to 80,000 or more Americans every year.

Now and then excited British loyalists call attention to the fact that in many districts in the Canadian Northwest half of the people are Americans. In certain small towns the settlers are nearly all from the United States. They are establishing American communities in Canada.

Another condition which much disturbs these same devoted adherents of Great Britian is the buying of vast tracts of Canadian land by American capitalists. The high estimate placed upon the future of their country is agreeable, but it is more than offset by the fear that much of the best timber and mineral land in Canada will remain permanently in American hands.

A third sign of American encroachments upon Canadian territory is found in the building of branch factories and mills and shops in the Dominion by great American companies which seek in that way to escape the customs duties collected upon their products if shipped into the Dominion from this country. It suggests commercial and industrial dependence, some Canadians say, upon an alien power.

Bu there is still another phase of the growing commerce and the deeper intimacy between Canada and the Unites States which hardly causes as much comment in the Dominion as it well might, for it threatens Canada with an extraordinary degree of intellectual subordination to the great republic to the southward. This is the domination of the Canadaian market by American books and American periodicals.

It is a grave question whether any country can achieve and maintain the fullest degree of intellectual originality or force while it depends upon a neighboring nation for its reading, to an extent befitting a colony or protectorate rather than a virtually independent state. Is it possible for Canada to enjoy much intellectual development, on original lines, while the Dominion leans heavily upon the United States for books, magazines and papers?

This Canadian habit of looking to the United States for much of the reading matter of the day is rapidly growing. The value of the books, magazines and other publications imported from the United States in 1909 was three times as great as the corresponding figures for 1905. The Americanizing of Canadian taste in books and periodicals goes on steadily, in nearly all parts of the Dominion.

Last year the United States furnished nearly three-fourths of all the reading matter imported in Canada. The British contributions to the Canadian trade in such merchandise were completely dwarfed by the American supplies. Even in such an item as textbooks and scientific books, which once came almost wholly from Europe, this country was far in the lead. Out of a total of $402,214 the share of the United States was $269,529 against $105,012 from the United Kingdom.

Thanks to American immigration American investments, American factories and merchandise and American books and periodicals, Canada is being much colored and shaped by the United States. The American influence is an increasing force in the life of the Dominion, and it may yet become potent enough to break down the political barriers, which hold the two countries apart.

Clean the Back Yards.

Jersey City Journal.

At this season of the year householders' thoughts turn naturally to lawns and back yards, and there is a general desire to have clean and ornamental surroundings. Unfortunately, in many instances the desire is not strong enough to produce results. A man who beautifies his front lawn is a public benefactor. He no doubt gets some satisfaction out of his effort and expense, but every passer enjoys the result of his effort, and the whole neighborhood is benefited. When the effort extends to the back yard the number of individuals benefited is not so great, but perhaps the enjoyment by the smaller number is more intense. No one enjoys a dirty back yard, and every person who sees one from a window forms an unfavorable opinion of the householder who permits an unsightly accumulation of misplayed matter in his environment. A clean or ornate front lawn is more common than a clean and ornate back yard, yet nothing will better repay effort than a trim back yard. It can be made to produce grass and flowers instead of tin cans, ash heaps and useless wood, and the removal of household debris is a sanitary precaution as well as an esthetic demonstration.

A YEAR TO PAY FOR YOUR HOME FURNISHINGS

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Changing Notes of Birds

The Scotsman.

ONE of the most interesting features in the study of bird life is to note their varying calls in the changing circumstance of sunshine and storm.

The frequent snowfalls of the recent winter have often been heralded by the mournful "cluck, cluck," of the blackbirds as they flocked round the doors looking for the crumbs that custom had led them to expect. The mavis is mostly mute during a storm, and tells his tale of woe more by his ruffled feathers and drooping wings than by his voice. His note, however, is the first to welcome a change to warmer weather.

The stormcock, by which is meant the blue felt or fieldfare, does not frequent the habitation of man, but there is no more certain sign of severe weather than a flock of these birds flying southward. Their note is an ominous "chuck," "chuck," and but for that they would often pass unnoticed overhead.

The skylark also passed south, uttering a timid, twittering note, which will later give place to a gay burst of song. The starlings flock greedily to wherever food is to be found, be it in field or homestead. The first blink of warm sunshine, however, sees them perched on the eaves vibrating their wings in a manner no other bird does and imitating with a air of intense satisfaction the call notes of a host of other birds.

The sparrows which robbed the farmer in the autumn flocked townward in the winter, and their cheerless twitter on the housetops bears faint resemblance to their noisy clamor in the cornfield. The robin seeks his dole with an air of quiet confidence and sometimes rewards us with a burst of song quite out of keeping with his surroundings. The blue tits have no voice to say they are hungry, though their actions show it, but their spring note may be he

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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APRIL WATCH PREMIUM.

The Blade watch premium for the month of April goes to William Batson, of Albion, Ill., who sent us a list of 185 names.

What has become of the old-fashioned office that used to seek the man?

Mr. Roosevelt not only says what he thinks, but he has the courage to repeat it.

More Roosevelt luck. He was not in the Zeppelin airship when it was wrecked.

That Brooklyn girl with two heads is not yet old enough to join the woman suffragists.

Paulhan won $50,000 in the big aeroplane derby. Paulhan doesn't fly simply for art's sake.

The fact that the heroine is willowy doesn't keep a fat woman from enjoying a romance.

The man alleged to have originated the fountain pen died the other day. He made no confession.

A minister calls Speaker Cannon a moral peril. He is yet to be characterized as a contagious disease.

Dr. Cook is one well-known Democrat who hasn't been mentioned as a candidate for President in 1912.

It is not surprising that Richard Croker found it lonely in Ireland. Nearly all the Irish are in this country.

Speaker Cannon is going on the lecture platform, but he will not carry an elephant and a brass band with him.

A Connecticut veteran complains of a pain in his wooden leg. Maybe the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy caused it.

When a man starts off with the remark that "it goes without saying" you may expect to have an arm talked off.

Some one asks: "What shall we do with Roosevelt?" Let him alone and he'll come home, leaving his trail behind him.

The fact that trousers pockets are being made deeper will have to be accepted as another sign of returning prosperity.

Another boy wonder has been heard from. He lives in New Jersey, is only 13 years of age, and has the barber shave him.

"Hell is a place of unquenchable thirst," declares an evangelist. But he doesn't mean that there are no bootleggers there.

Governor Hughes doesn't look like a man who would offer something equally as good to a person who was seeking justice.

When the King of Siam visits this country he will be accompanied by 40 of his wives. Enough to start a suffrage movement.

Mr. Bryan says he has a higher ambition than to hold office. Whatever it is he has been quite successful in keeping it secret.

County officers always manage to keep busy. When they are not lobbying for more salary they are laying plans for re-election.

Mr. Roosevelt is to have a gold pass to the Jeffries-Johnson fight, but he will not climb through the ropes and challenge the winner.

Some men haven't enough patience to let destiny take its course. A New Jersey veteran is going to decorate his own grave on Memorial Day.

Although he was a novelist and dramatist of considerable prominence, Bjornstjerne Bjornson's name will soon be forgotten by many people.

One Ohio man says he was mentally unbalanced when he got married. Perhaps it would be no more than fair to say the same of the woman he married.

An operation on a boy's head has failed to break him of the highway robbery habit. That isn't the old-fashioned way of operating on bad boys.

"Hell is full of politicians," says Dr. Parkhurst. But it isn't probable that the doctor means to convey the impression that there isn't room for more.

"Humorists have their serious moments," says a writer. Worse than that. In the presence of the grocer and the butcher they are often absolutely gloomy.

The simple fact that Mr. Roosevelt didn't turn a double somersault over Napoleon's tomb seems to have made a deep impression on the minds of the Paris people.

One man declares that ninety-five per cent of the women in this country do not care for the ballot. He certainly didn't base his estimate on the noise made by the suffragists.

Mark Twain left only $1,000,000, while the estate of his friend, Mr. Rogers, is valued at $36,000,000. Yet there is no doubt that Mark Twain's memory will be kept green long after Mr. Rogers is forgotten.

CHARLES HUGHES, JUSTICE.

The President's selection of Charles E. Hughes to the United States supreme bench must count among the most fortunate appointments of this administration. Mr. Taft could have chosen no one who would at once have so much of the approval of the general public and of the members of the bar who know intimately the merits and shortcomings of their brethren.

The law is the law, says the jurist in rhetorical moments, meaning that it is fixed and absolute. But we all know that there are two kinds—at least—of judges. One clings like a parasitic vine to the letter of the law, taking his inspiration, finding his judgment, interpreting his meaning from groups of words, clauses and the chance accident of commas and semi-colons. The other considers the intent of the law in relation to the letter. And in these days of changing social conditions he is coming to consider the needs of humanity—which is justice to humanity—as parts of the law. The salvation of our republic may depend upon this latter class of judges—the kind we are calling progressive as we call the thinking law-maker progressive.

Charles Hughes has been a strong, fearless administrative servant. In the judiciary branch of the government he will be strong and fearless and, best of all, progressive.

LAGGARD OHIO.

Alabama, Illinois, Maryland, Mississippi, Oklahoma and South Carolina have given their endorsement of the proposed amendment to the constitution providing for a federal income tax. The resolution has been pending in the legislature of Ohio since the beginning of the session, but action upon it has been deferred so long that in every probability it will go over to the next general assembly.

It is waste of time and ink to criticize the present legislature for the lack of courage to deal with a question of great public moment since the quality of nerve has scarcely been a marked character of any meeting in recent years. The measure goes to the people. It is for the voters to tell their legislators how to act inasmuch as they would not act without instructions. The party platforms must declare the position to be taken on the resolution. The pledge of the candidates must be obtained. As the income tax has ceased to be a partisan policy, these pledges should be secured in sufficient number to make the adoption of the resolution certain.

The income tax means that those most able to bear the burden of government are to bear it. All argument against the tax, all opposition of politicians, business and industrial associations, scrupulously avoid this truth. The people, however, have the power to inject that truth into the laws of the country—and they will be blind to their interests if they do not use it.

THE GAME OF COTTON.

A clique of brokers decide that conditions, all considered, are ripe for a bear campaign in cotton. They proceed to sell cotton, to force the price down by hook or crook, to swamp the market with bales by every northbound freight train, by every steamer.

The wonderful thing about this game is its imaginative element. The manipulator who deals in the commodity upon an exchange not only is engaged in trying to convince everyone that what he says about a scarcity or a plentifulness is true, but he must keep himself convinced. In the present crisis in the cotton market the bears have suffered by that two-edged quality of their lies. They have sold more cotton than there is. Every bale, it has been reckoned, has been sold twice over, that is, the number of bales dealt in have included, besides the actual commodity existent, an equal number made out of and still consisting of the thin fabric of nothing.

Still, the bears and the bulls, whether sufferers or gainers, by this sort of trading in things fictitious, are great believers in the game. They hotly resent the intrusion of the government which has evinced a desire to know fully about their great institution of commerce.

When the police visit the home of a wife-beater it is often the wife who first looks about for a handy weapon.

OUR BEST BAD EXAMPLE.

If Richard Croker comes back to this country to live, as his friends say he is going to, it will not be without profit to the nation.

The legislature at Albany recently had to undertake the unpleasant job—for the legislators—of digging up the corpses of outlawed scandals and shaking the shrouds in the public view. There were no prosecutions to recommend or any punishments to inflict. The benefits obtained consisted in the elaborate ceremony of pinning badges of shame upon a few politicians. Yet those benefits to the public good are not small ones. They tend to make legislative graft highly dangerous. The people are prodded into a more intelligent selection of law makers. The party organization that attempts to curtain the grafters from view is seen to be put in the same despicable light as the one which openly shares in the loot.

Just as the grave digging in Albany means a step in the banishment of crooked office-holders, so will the close presence of Richard Croker help in that labor. Away in England and Ireland he has been rather a dim figure, but at home he will be moving about as a clear, definitely-drawn personality, associated with all that has been dishonest in American politics, all that has been vicious and shameful. We cannot afford to have our best bad example abroad. He should be encouraged to return.

A PACEMAKER FOR BEVERIDGE.

"Opening in riotous discord"—so reads the news report—"and closing in enthusiastic harmony" the Indiana Democratic convention named John W. Kern as the party's candidate for the United States senate.

If any name can still the stormy waters of Democratic politics it is that of John W. Kern. In the dim and distant day when the orator from the Platt let down his back hair and opened his throat in the cause of 16 to 1 a schism appeared in the Democracy of Indiana. But John W. Kern was schismless. He stuck by the big show. Wherefore, in following years, the party was grateful and gave him the honor of being twice defeated for the governorship. In 1904 Kern was in the vice presidential timber yard, but the bank account of Henry Gassaway Davis loomed big in the eyes of the delegates and it was not until four years later that Kern was enabled to record a national licking with those delivered by his state.

It will be Kern's obligation to society and contribution to the gayety of nations to give Albert T. Beverage a run for the senatorship. Beveridge should duly express his thanks that the Democrats put up a veteran against him. There is little zest in fighting a series of rounds with one having only one or two defeats to his credit.

SOIL FERTILITY WANTING.

Despite the work of the soil survey, the multiplication of agricultural experiment stations and the warnings of the scientific experts, the American farmer has not fully learned to conserve the richness that is in the land.

Secretary Wilson, speaking in New York last Wednesday, said:

> The major part of our people in the east are being fed from the Mississippi valley, and the states of the south draw much from the same source. I am well satisfied that the soils of that valley are being subjected gradually to the same unwise treatment that so seriously reduced the soils of the Alleghanies and south of the Ohio.

There are records from German farms which show that gains in the yield of grain have been made in every decade for a century. The plains of Normandy have become famous for their marvelous fertility. Yet German and French farmers passed through their experience with gradually lowering harvests, with a starved soil and the abandonment of fields. They stood face to face with the problem of ruin and though many French and German families fled their farms for the hope of prosperity in the new world, others stayed and wrestled with nature for her secrets. They won. Their acres now give in plentifulness and promise more with every succeeding season.

That same battle with nature must be fought by the American farmers. They have vast advantages over their fellow toilers abroad and the victory is assured. The point the secretary of agriculture makes without actually saying it, is that our farmers should hurry and get their individual battles over with.

THE SENSATION IN ILLINOIS.

William Lorimer, United States senator from Illinois, has been known as a practical politician. In the light of developments—or the threat of developments—the extent of the practicability of Mr. Lorimer's politics may become fully known.

The belated confession of the legislator who declares he was bribed sounds rather fishy—fishy because the legislator insists he went into the deal for the purpose of showing up the corruption in Illinois, taking the longest possible way around to it when a short and dramatic method was entirely obvious. Yet we have to remember that in the moment of crisis men are almost invariably irrational. They have the nerve to telephone what they have to say when they cannot face others and do so, they will write when courage lacks to speak; they will postpone action to the period when action means little though having the intent constantly in mind. So the manner of confession of this Illinois law-maker is scarcely likely to give the investigators much thought. They will be absorbed in the evidence he presents.

Whichever way the grand jury acts—whether it indicts Lorimer or gives him a clear bill of decency—some benefit will be reaped for the public in Illinois. Indicted, the "practical" politicians will have lost their grip upon the state. Vindicated, a slanderer will have such an unpleasant inning that others of his ilk will be made to hesitate before presenting imagination in lieu of substance.

THE RECKONING POSTPONED.

The public service corporations who brought about the defeat of the Woods bill in the state legislature not only postponed the day of reckoning, but they also made it almost certain that the reckoning, when it came, should be highly expensive. Says the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune:

> Until the fool killer more effectively does his work there will be corporation heads obsessed of the idea that it is up to them to mold laws to suit their individual ideas, never realizing it is an inevitable law of legislation as well as of nature that the pendulum must swing backward as far as it is thrown forward. In the next legislature a more radical measure will have to be fought, and if it is defeated in the following session it will grow still more repressive, until the time will come when the victory of yesterday will prove to be a crushing defeat.

The railroads cried "persecution" when the states sought to see which could be most severe in framing regulative laws. The railroads had their own way with the legislatures for years. The price they might naturally have been expected to pay was persecution. Street railways have been shouting "confiscation," this being their payment for franchise grabbing and stock watering. The light and heating companies complain that no one will treat them reasonably or fairly, the inevitable return for having been unreasonable and unfair with their customers.

It would seem that public service corporations care nothing for wisdom for which they do not have to pay an extravagant price.

IMAGINATION.

The magazines have speculated to the last permissible detail upon the revolution which aerial navigation is about to cause in the science of warfare. With the facts of the last few days in mind, let us also speculate a little, employing the same serviceable and eminently safe vehicle of fiction:

A corps og Germans embarks upon airships to undertake that long forecast Zeppelin invasion of the British islands. Just before the moorings are cast off a strong wind springs up. The pilots decide to wait for better weather conditions. The wind becomes a gale. The dirigibles swing and sway fearfully. The soldiery of the garrison is turned out to give further strength to the anchor lines. The airships are now careening so that the balloons all but strike against the ground. The strain is terrible. No one can disembark in the turmoil. It is finally decided that greater safety may be found at high air levels and the signal to cast off is given. The airships shoot away and are lost to sight in the driving clouds.

A few hours later a peasant venturing forth after the storm discovers his fields strewn with wreckage. Streamers of silk drape the trees. Wires and ropes hang like vines from the roofs of the farm buildings. Twisted machinery, the battered metal of cars and the splintered frames of the balloons are scattered in wild disorder. And all about—in the debris, among the branches of trees and in the furrows of the turned earth—lie the dead.

The word grim is the favorite adjective that goes with war. But no nation, even so daring and imaginative as the Germans, is likely to take such grim chances in war. The Zeppelin airship will probably prove a highly successful agent for reconnoitering, but as the carrier for an invading army it holds too many potential terrors for the invaders.

FUTILE COST OF LIVING INQUIRY.

Several states have made or have undertaken researches into the high cost of living. The United States senate is now engaged in an elaborate investigation of the problem. Vast areas of figures and broad economic statements have been the fruit mostly of the inquires so far concluded. Merchants, manufacturers and farmers have offered their explanations and various students have set forth their theories. The work is still unfinished and we may be reading the reports of the committees upon distant days in the future when other issues are far more paramount in the household than the price og ginghams and soup bones.

That which the public wanted to know was why goods which cost $2.30 in 1900 should be $3.75 now, why flour quoted at $4 a barrel should have risen to $8, why the table which the frugal housewife once set at 15 cents a plate should become 40 cents in the course of a few years and in periods of phenomenal crops. The people desired to know who got the increase from the prices paid the farmer to those the retailr charged and why the trade in food should require so many middlemen, each skimming his little profit from the measure. They were anxious, furthermore, to learn when relief from the oppressive prices hight ze expected, or if it were ever to be expected.

The public asked for direct answers to a few direct questions. It was given a statistical table.

PAULHAN'S DOUBLE TRIUMPH.

Several years ago when it was a safe and sane chance to take with fate a number of British newspapers and a society or two offered rewards for aerial flights. The advertising was excellent. So many rushed into the game that the full value of the prizes promised reached something like a half million dollars. As the science of flying has made strides there has been a gradual and discreet hedging until now few of the prizes remain within the statute of limitations.

So it happens that Louis Paulhan is entitled to a sort of double-barreled set of congratulations. He has not only made a daring and wonderful flight, but he has captured $50,000, the money of a man who did not welch. Under the rules and specifications he could have come to roost twice in the course of his journey, but he was satisfied with one rest—as most persons would be who foresaw immediate prospects for pocketing ten thousand pounds of British gold.

There is grieving in the United Kingdom for Mr. Graham White, the native competitor who thought of warm coverlets and his mutton when the Frenchman was keeping his mind upon the tune of his engine. Mr. White becomes fellow with Latham, who was sleeping at Calais while Bleriot sailed out over the English channel and snatched the honor away from him who dared attempt it first.

There is a refreshing quality about many of the aerial competitions. The records are not mere figures of time and distance, but are pleasantly associated with incidents highly exciting and amusing.

WHERE HAPPINESS WAS NOT.

One of the most distressing movements of recent times has been the emigration of Americans into the Canadian northwest—distressing because it took away a class of strong, reliant men and because the emigrants were compelled to surrender their American citizenship in order to obtain the acres which Canada was willing to exchange for high-grade settlers.

The high tide of the movement was reached last year, it is now known, and the ebb has set in. The emigrants are today becoming immigrants. They are coming back. Thousands of families have crossed the border into Montana, the records of the collector of customs at Sweetwater, Mont., show. They are seeking location upon government land wherever it is to be found, and complaining little as to the quality. A spot in their home country is what they desire more than rich soil and the promise of plenty. And with these former Americans—soon to be Americans again—are coming Europeans to whom the poorer stretches of Montana with a fuller sense of liberty were more attractive than the great grain floor of Manitoba and Alberta.

The native of Europe can discover scores of reasons why he is better off under the Stars nda Stripes than in his own land. But no American gives up his birthright of citizenship except through the impulse of snobbishness or the false dream of profit.

JUSTICE AND THE LAW.

The Blade recently had occasion, in congratulating President Taft upon the wisdom of the selection of Charles E. Hughes as the successor of Justice Brewer, to comment upon the changing character of the judiciary. The point was made that a type of judges was appearing, broad-minded and humanitarian, which was finding, that the doctrine of right in the interpretations of the laws was of greater weight than the letter of the law. An apt illustration of this evolution is at hand.

The last regular session of the legislature of Illinois passed a law limiting the hours in which women shall work in the industrial establishments at 10. Soon after, an injunction was issued by a Chicago judge restraining the state factory inspector and the attorney general from enforcing the law, the constitutionality of the statute being attacked. The state supreme court has now found the law constitutional, saying:

> If, therefore, the public interest requires that the time which women shall be permitted to work in any mechanical establishment or factory or laundry should be limited to 10 hours in any one day, we are unable to see why this statute is not constitutional. The right of the individual to contract with reference to labor is held inviolable under the constitution on the ground that the privilege of contracting with reference to labor is a property right within the purview of the constitution. There inheres in the state, however, certain sovereign powers, among which powers is that characterized as the police power, which, when broadly stated, is that power of the state which relates to the conservation of the health, morals and general welfare of the public and the property rights of the citizens are always held and enjoyed subject to the reasonable exercise of the police court by the state. If this statute can be sustained it must be sustained, we think, as an exercise of the police power.

The change or evolution is to be discovered in the fact that this same court, 15 years ago, decided that an eight-hour law for women was unconstitutional since it "impaired the right of contract."

There could be nothing more encouraging than the sight of the bench ceasing to trouble itself over mere forms, mere words and punctuations, and writing its decisions by the light of the lamp of justice.

QUALIFYING PEACE.

"The Temple of Peace, Commerce and Friendship," built by Andrew Carnegie at a cost of some hundreds of thousands of dollars, was dedicated in Washington this week, John Barrett spreading his broad pinions of oratory and President Taft also speaking. From careful reading of the reports of the ceremonies the information is gleaned that this addition to the graceful architecture of the capital is intended to promote trade among the American republics, to foster an amiable tolerance on the part of the natives of one country for those of another, and, above all, to hammer a nail in the banners of peace now figuratively flapping upon all the frontiers.

Brazil is shortly to have a squadron of Dreadnoughts of the latest pattern. Argentina recently placed a contract for vessels for her new navy. Chile is hastening plans for a floating armament. Peru is bound to have anything that Chile has. Ecuador still gesticulates in anger over the threats of Peruvians to invade the country. Bolivia sleeps with one eye open lest a few hundred square miles of territory should suddenly be gobbled up by a neighbor. Was there not some news recently of war of Columbia? Surely, or it may have been in Venezuela. There is talk in Cuba of inviting the American regular army to make another excursion and from time to time dispatches tell us of the progress of lead and powder in Guatemala.

The republics of Switzerland, Andorre and Athos, the duchy of Luxemburg and the principality of Monaco haven't had the experience of war in modern times. Yet they get no Carnegie temple for keeping the peace.

Perhaps the kind of peace the ironmaster approves is only that which calls for regular orders for armor plate.

THE PERIL.

For a few hours spluttering loudly with electricity the country was upon the verge of a tariff war with Canada. The maximum and minimum clause of the Payne law hung as a sword in the sky and the President held his office scissors in hand to snip the threads. It was a crisis, but where do you suppose that the reality of a crisis was most clearly understood? Where was the bated breath more bated? In Indiana.

The American consul at Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island, reports:

> The periodicals and magazines coming across the border, containing many pages descriptive of American goods and manufactures, are read by the middle and upper classes. The growth in circulation of these may be judged by the fact that their imports from the United States amounted in 1905, in value, to $225,154, and in 1909 to $341,483. A smashing fiction is preferred by the reading public as * * * as pointed out in a former report on wearing apparel, the peopleof the United States and of Canada are coming to a common style and taste in dress. This is also true in regard to literature.

Why did Insurgent Beveridge's voice grow tremulous as he turned from unqualified endorsement of President Taft to the iniquities of the new tariff law? Because that maximum and minimum clause was a deadly peril to Indiana's chief product and article of consumption?

Consuls have exploded secrets before.

MORE ABOUT THE FRUIT CROP.

Whenever winds blow cold in the spring, the white frost appears in the early morning and the rains seem a little more wet and penetrating than usual, there comes a wailing sound which conveys the alarming declaration that the fruit crop is ruined.

The United States agricultural department conducted a series of experiments in order to learn the point in temperature at which fruit blossoms gave up the ghost and dropped from the trees. It was found that the amount of cold which blossoms will withstand varies as follows:

Apples, showing pink, 20 above zero.
Apples, in full bloom, 26 above zero.
Pears, showing pink, 20 above zero.
Pears in full bloom, 27 above zero.
Peaches showing pink, 23 above zero.
Peaches, in full bloom, 28 above zero.

The lowest temperature recorded by the local weather bureau during the present cold spell was 34 above zero, or two degrees above the freezing and six above the point where peach trees in full bloom are blighted.

More than a hundred and fifty women have written to Ed Green, Aunt Hetty's 300-pound son, vowing that they will love him for himself alone. Now he can see how foolish he was to imagine that no woman could love a fat man.

When it comes to a question of diet the average cannibal is nonsectarian.

President Taft didn't consider the Hughes whiskers a serious objection.

Some of the biggest liars in the world never go fishing.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OLD LIGHT ON A NEW ISSUE

International Sunday School Lesson for May 8 Is, "Temperance Lesson." Prov. 23:29-35.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Up-to-dateness is not the same thing as wisdom. There are hundreds of exceedingly modern youths lining the highways of great cities, who know all the latest slang and sayings and gossip and ways of the swift world. But few of them would ever be charged with the possession of wisdom. It is wholesome to go 'way, 'way back, and find out how wise were the ancients. In essential knowledge of life the thinkers of a few millenniums ago had nothing to learn from present-day newspaper paragraphers. The youth who thinks the old folks "slow" may profitably take his familiarity with the world of today to this twenty-third chapter of that old-fashioned and antique document called the Book of Proverbs; and therein he will read an analysis of drunkenness which his own observation tells him excels the best efforts of the latest pamphleteers.

Some folk think that the temperance question is a new "issue," simply because it is keeping the politicians awake nights. The Wise Man who wrote these proverbs, and Omar Khayyam, were more up-to-date than some temperance literature which bears the imprint, 1910. The drink problem is older far than the printing press or than the Peking Gazette. It treads its way through human history, and whoso would follow its trail may read plainly-written warnings. Can the literary bureau of the Anti-Saloon league improve on this ancient Hebrew wise man:

> "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions?
> Who hath complaining? who hath wounds without cause?
> Who hath redness of eyes?
> They that tarry long at the wine,
> They that go to seek out mixed wine.
> Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
> When it sparkleth in the cup,
> When it goeth down smoothly;
> At the last it biteth like a serpent,
> And stingeth like an adder.
> Thine eyes shall behold strange things,
> And thy heart shall utter perverse things.
> Yea, thou shalt be like he that lieth down in the midst of the sea,
> Or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.
> They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not hurt;
> They have beaten me, and I feel it not;
> When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

Some Modern Versions.

Naturally, there are new versions of the Wise Man's lesson being written daily by the inexorable finger of experience. The barber told me one the other day, as he recounted the personalities in a neighborhood with which we are both familiar. "Yes, I've certainly seen some changes there. Do you remember Blank, the jeweler? Well, to my certain knowledge he was spending, 15 years ago, no less than $50,000 a year. Now you can see him on the corner—though you'd never recognize him—begging for a dime. The drink did it. I tell you, I don't need any stronger temperance sermons than I've seen with my own eyes."

Then I picked up a paper reporting the death of Robert Womack, the man who discovered gold at Cripple Creek, Col., in 1901. It will be remembered that immediately upon securing the first fruits of his discovery, Womack went on a prolonged spree, during which he not only sold out his rights for a small sum, but widely proclaimed his good fortune. After sobering up he went to work at daily wages, having enjoyed one of the most costly times on record, estimated at $280,000,000. A quarter of a million dollar spree—quite a record, isn't it? And decidedly germane to the words of the Wise Man.

A Walker's Record.

Of quite another sort is the record of Weston, the walker, who will have completed his marvelous feat of pedestrianism, the journey afoot from the Pacific to the Atlantic, ere these words are read. Thirty-five hundred miles is quite a stroll, especially when one is past 72 years of age, and when it is made in record-breaking time. The youngsters who are keen on "Marathons" should remember that Weston so fully approves the Wise Man's words that he is a total abstainer—and he always rests on Sunday, too. Is it any wonder that in New York they plan to give a testimonial to him, in recognition of this life-message on temperance to the youth of the land?

Important as is the battle of the ballots against the bottle, still more important is this work of inculcating the youth of today with the tested truth of the needlessness and hurtfulness of strong drink. Probably the Quarterly Temperance Lessons in the Sunday school have been an important factor in the splendid decline of today's public life a generation of men and women who will not tolerate the liquor evil. They are now engaged in combating the entire traffic, for they recognize, as Theodore Roosevelt said in The Atlantic Monthly, that "the liquor business does not stand on the same footing with other occupations. It always tends to produce criminality in the population at large, and lawbreaking among the saloonkeepers themselves."

The Doctors Speak Up.

In Solomon's day it was the philosopher who had the last word on the drink question. Nowadays whole new arms of service have been created in this war. The political economist, the business man, and the physician are all speaking with authority. The latter has taken his microscope and his test tubes, and reports harrowing facts about the results of alcohol, such as Solomon never dreamed—although the two agree in their conclusions.

A few weeks since, at a convention of medical men in Philadelphia, Dr. DeLancey V. Carter, of New York, was reported by the Ledger as declaring that there are in the United States at the present time 1,000,000 inebriates, and that there are 200,000 deaths every year from the effects of alcohol. The report continued: "The problem of checking the growth of this great army is the greatest that confronts civilization. He urged the need of institutions for the treatment of inebriates, and advocated courses of lectures, efforts toward the education of the community in regard to the baleful effects of alcohol on the human system, and the adoption of every legal method of restraint that could possibly be employed."

That same convention had a gruesome list of topics, each paper and address being in effect a powerful argument for total abstinence. Some of the titles were, "Alcohol as a Factor in Consumption" (the speaker declaring that it stands at the head of the long list of causes of tuberculosis), "Alcoholism as a Cause of Insanity," and "What Shall We Do with the Inebriate?"

A New Crop Needed.

Whenever one studies any phase of this liquor question, he quickly comes face to face with the law of supply and demand. The crop of drunkards is quickly consumed; a new crop must be secured somehow. And the only possible material is the boys of today; a conclusion at which the modern humanitarian spirit revolts. The law is inexorable; saloons must have boys. Commit the boys to total abstinence, and the saloon will dry up more quickly than any sumptuary law has been able to close them. Somebody has cleverly stated the case in "The Devil's Want Ad:"

> "Johnson, the drunkard, is dying today,
> With traces of sin on his face.
> He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play,
> Wanted—a boy for his place."

Religion and Rum.

The experiment was tried in New York some years ago of dedicating or consecrating the saloon by the church. But the attempt has not been repeated. The only business of religion which runs in spite of war. And while scientists and selfish corporations are fighting the liquor habit, on a cold, calculating basis of advantage or disadvantage, profit or loss, it still holds good that the last word in the case is to be spoken by Christianity. Men cannot be scared or cajoled or bulldozed into sobriety. The real cure oftenest comes when a victim can say, "The love of Christ constraineth me."

Some words I once heard a rescue mission worker say came to my mind when I read, in the report of the doctors' convention already quoted, that "the habit can be broken, for instance, under the influence of a religious awakening, or the love for a woman, or because of grief over the death of a loved one." The physician who said this struck the same note as the Christian worker who had given himself to the rescue of the "down-and-outs." He declared, "You have tried the Keeley Cure, and it has failed. Now try the Calvary Cure: we have witnesses here that it has won."

That is a bed-rock truth concerning intemperance. The power of Christ can destroy a drunkard's thirst for liquor and can make a new man of him. It can keep a young person true to his pledge of total abstinence. It can sustain all the noble host of men and women who are engaged in this knightly war for human weal. The old question of strong drink is on every hand a present-day issue. It will be decided finally by the gospel of the Redeemer.

The Edge of Things

Pittsburg Press.

Opie Read told this one not long ago:

"Old Lem Harkins of Possum Trot had come into the country judge's office. The judge said:

"'Why, hello, Lem.'

"'Howdy, Jedge?'

"'Anything going on over at Possum Trot?'

"'Nuthin' wuth dividin'.'

"'That so?'

"'Yeh; nuthin' wuth dividin'.' Then, after a pause, 'Me an' them Hightowehs ain't gettin' along right good for a spell.'

"'No?'

"'Nah; not right good.' After another long expectoration - punctured pause the old man leisurely continued: 'T'other night about chicken-roostin' time I was a-sittin' in the house a-readin' uv my Bible when I heahs some shootin' outside. Th' old' woman was out thah a-feedin' th' chickens. I ain't paid no 'tention that shootin'. Putry soon th' ol' woman comes in, lookin' kind o' pale an' nahvous.

"'"What's th' matteh, ol' woman?" I says.

"'"Ah lot o' them Hightowehs is out thah a-shooting at me," she says.

"'Now, I don't like that, Jedge, shootin' 'round about my house an' skeerin' up all them chickens when they orto be a-goin' t' roost, an' maybe killin' a calf critteh or somethin'. So I lays down my Bible an' I goes ovah in th' conneh an' picks up mah Winchester an' I looks out th' windeh. Thah stands five of them Hightowehs outside my fence with theh guns. I jes' draps a few bullets among 'em an' goes back t' my readin'.

"'Next mohnin' I goes out an' looks whah them five Hightowehs had been a-standin' and they was all gone but fo'r.'"

Detroit Free Press.

Former Governor Pennypacker, discussing the divorce evil at a dinner in Philadelphia, said with his humorous smile:

"Perhaps there would be less divorce if human nature were more perfect. Some women, you know, henpeck their husbands. There is, for example, a Banks county farmer who said the other day that he would certainly apply for a divorce, only his wife wouldn't let him."

Harry Ward, the minstrel man, was in town to see Paulhan fly, says the Denver Post. While examining the aeroplane with some friends at Overland the party overheard somebody saying it didn't appear to be much work to handle one of the flying machines.

"Reminds me," said Ward, "of what an old farmer in a little town back in Iowa said one day as he saw me carrying the bass drum in the minstrel parade. We had walked nearly five miles in the hot sun, and I was about ready to drop. That big drum was heavy. When we reached our car after the parade my feet were sore, my back ached, and I was perspiring all over my face and was completely tired out. As I staggered past the old farmer he looked at me contemptuously.

"'Huh,' he said, 'these actors 'll do anything to get out of workin'.'"

On an occasion when Mr. Gladstone was announced to speak in Manchester, the hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, which were very high, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience, and the mayor stepped forward to explain what was proposed. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor and overwhelmed him with cries of "Gladstone." "Gladstone!" At last the misconceived and infuriated official restored silence by shouting at the top of his lungs: "I'm not going to make a speech, I've got something to say!"

Kansas City Journal.

Here is an incident that a Chanute man tells as having occurred in a certain Kansas town. He was in the ticket office and watched the proceedings.

A man came up to the window and asked for a ticket to Kansas City, inquiring the price.

"Two twenty-five," said the agent.

The man dug down into a well-worn pocketbook and fished out a bill. It was a bank note for $2. It was also all the money he had.

"How soon does this train go?" he inquired.

"In 15 minutes," replied the agent.

The man hurried away. Soon he was back with three silver dollars, with which he bought a ticket.

"Pardon my curiosity," said the ticket seller, "but how did you get that money? It isn't a loan, for I see you have disposed of the $2 bill."

"That's all right," said the man. "No, I didn't borrow. I went to a pawn shop and soaked the bill for $1.50. Then as I started back here I met an old acquaintance, to whom I sold the pawn ticket for $1.50. I then had $3 and he has the pawn ticket for which the $2 bill stands as security.

Newark Star.

Walter J. Knight, who has a fund of good darky stories, surrendered this one yesterday:

"Jason, black as the ace of spades, was tried for murder in Mississippi, and found guilty. He was led before the judge on a sultry day late in July for sentence.

"'Jason,' said the court, 'you have been found guilty of murder by a jury of your peers. Have you anything to say before sentence is imposed upon you?'

"Jason had nothing to say. There was a pause, and the judge proceeded.

"'It therefore becomes my painful duty to sentence you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead on the 18th day of August.'

"There was another pause, and Jason, shifting from one foot to the other, looked up.

"'Sho'ly yo' all don't mean this comin' Augus', does yo', jedge?' he asked."

Philadelphia Times.

In a railroad office in West Philadelphia there is an old and trusted clerk of Celtic extraction, who keeps his associates in a constant state of good humor by an unending series of witticisms, interspersed occasionally with "bulls" so glaring that even he himself has to join in the laugh that invariably follows such a "break" on his part.

There was some trouble on the telephone one day recently, and Mike lost much of his usual good nature in his efforts to get the gist of a message that was being sent from another office. The man on the other end of the wire finally became exasperated and asked Mike if he was losing his hearing.

"I can hear you all right until you begin to talk," said Mike, "and then I can't understand a word you say."

Human Life.

An almost totally bald gentleman, dining one day in a restaurant, called out in anger, "Walter, there's a hair in my soup!"

The waiter was a tactful man, and he replied, "Ah, ze magneeficent hair! Undoubtedly from monsieur's head!"

And the much-flattered diner smiled blandly and remarked, "Ah, well; accidents will happen."

Varieties

The first sulphur matches appeared in 1829.

Old age insurance is compulsory in Germany.

Sweden and Spain have the fewest alien residents.

American typewriters control the trade in London.

Germany and Austria have together 150 cooking schools.

Englishmen eat, on an average, 91 eggs a year.

The first savings bank in Great Britain was established in 1799.

Riga sent us $8,031,000 worth of Russian hides and skins in 1909.

A watch ticks 157,680,000 times in a year, and the wheels travel 3,554 miles.

Infants' foods form a considerable item of importation, $41,000 worth in 1908.

America took $8,137,000 worth of Turkish carpets from Constantinople in 1909.

Four and a half million gross boxes of matches are used in London in a year.

Nuremburg shipped to the United States last year toys to the value of $1,903,375.

Rain falls more frequently between 3 a. m. and 8 a. m. than at any other time.

As a general rule, a man's hair turns gray five years earlier than a woman's.

Metal filament incandescent lamps are now being used on ships and railroad cars.

During the year 1909 the London dog-catchers caught 44,900 and dispatched 21,253.

Exports of Hungarian beans to the United States in 1909 were of the value of $1,117,000.

More women marry between the ages of 20 and 25 than at any other time of life.

The army of foreigners arriving on our shores during the last year reached a total of 751,786.

Only 10 per cent of German schoolboys, it is said, go in for athletics, as against 75 per cent of British.

Persons born in spring are said to have a more robust constitution than those born at other seasons.

A rose bush in a garden at Freiburg covers 91 square yards and bears 18,000 buds.

The next British census will be taken on Sunday, April 2, 1911. Forty thousand enumerators will be employed.

Prussian statistics show that the starch content of potatoes is highest where the system of culture is most intensive.

The United States forestry service consists of a force of 3,000 persons. Ten years ago it was only 10 men.

It is estimated that the coal mines already developed contain enough coal to supply the world for 1,000 years.

A London hatter says that men's heads grow appreciably up to the time that their owners are 65 years old.

There is some question whether London or Paris sets the fashion in furs each year. London certainly sets the price.

The government of Brazil proposes colonizing the Indians on public lands and furnishing them with farm implements.

The government of Chile has ordered $6,130,000 centennial anniversary postage stamps from an American house for use during 1910.

In certain districts of Florida excellent highways are made by covering sandy roads once a year with the leaves of the long-leafed pine.

Birmingham, England, with a population of 543,000, has only six fire engines, and the losses from fire last year aggregated only $215,333.

The natives of Korea carry visiting cards which measure about 12 inches square, and when their use is required they are merely shown.

France supplies many of the flower bulbs that formerly came from Holland. A more recent competitor is the Puget sound region in this country.

High atmospheric pressure in the case of persons not doing manual labor has been found to act as a mental stimulus, increasing the impulse to talk.

Bahia Blanca, Argentina, is now the largest wheat shipping port in South America. It has a population 40,000 and is growing rapidly.

The Farthing Gazette, probably the cheapest daily newspaper in existence, has been started in Moscow, and has already a considerable circulation.

The wealthy Chinese are very fond of mechanical instruments, and may frequently be seen carry two or more watches and wearing foreign glasses.

All the girls at a secondary school in Temesvar, Hungary, have threatened to go on strike unless the new rule that they must all wear their hair tightly plaited is canceled.

Since the discovery was made in Canada, a year or so so ago, that the muskrat could be treated and dyed to imit

If You Have

RHEUMATISM

sign and mail this coupon to MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., Dept. W. B. 19, Jackson, Mich.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Return mail will bring you a $1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to try Free. Read below.

Upon receipt of above coupon we will send you by return mail, prepaid, a regular $1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, Michigan's Great External Cure for Rheumatism of every kind—chronic or acute—Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, or Gout. No matter where the pain or how severe. Then, and only after you have given them a thorough trial and are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us One Dollar. If not, you pay nothing. You decide and we take your word.

FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Magic Foot Drafts have been sent on approval to many hundreds of thousands, and no one paid us a cent until after trying them. Isn't this evidence that the Drafts are a remarkably certain MAGIC DRAFT cure? Surely you cannot go on suffering when such a cure will be sent you to Try Free for simply mailing the above coupon. They are curing even old chronics of 30 and 40 years' suffering. Will you try them? Then just mail the coupon with your full address to Magic Foot Draft Co., W. B. 19, Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only the coupon. Write today.

HUNDRED THOUSAND MISSING

Was Subscribed by People for a Lincoln Monument.

Washington, April 28.—In an effort to find out what became of $100,000, which, it is alleged, was subscribed 30 years ago to the National Lincoln Monument association, for the purpose of erecting in the national capital a suitable memorial to the first martyred president, some of the original subscribers will appeal to congress to make an investigation. At a meeting last night a committee was appointed to form plans for furthering the investigation. Of the amount which was supposed to have been contributed by people in various parts of the country for the monument only about $7,000 has been accounted for.

Of the trustees at the time of the association's incorporation by congress Senator Cullom, of Illinois, is the only one who up to date has been located.

DIES IN ARMS OF POPE

Rome, April 29.—A typical figure of the vatican passed today with the death of Mgr. Guglielmo Pifferi, who had been the sacrista or parish priest of the apostolic palace since the time of Pius IX. The aged ecclesiastic died in the arms of the pope, who had gone to the bedside upon learning that the end was near. The monsignor had served for 50 years under three popes. The post of sacrista has existed for six centuries, and is always conferred upon an Augustinian.

CANNIBALS FEAST

Eat Two Presbyterians in Small Group of South Sea Islands.

Seattle, Wash., April 30.—Blood curdling details of a cannibal corroboree or war dance which ended with the devouring of two Presbyterian ministers were brought by the barkentine Mary E. Winkelman, which has just arrived from the Tonga islands in the South seas.

News of the butchery, which occurred on February 5, was given to the crew of the barkentine by a canoe load of mission natives from Savage island, where the human feast took place.

The barkentine was anchored on Fua, at Tangabu, one of the Tonga islands, when the canoe load of fugitives reached them. They were fleeing from native tribes who had descended on their mission on Savage island. The savages, they declared, had devoured Rev. Horatio Hopkins and his assistant, Rev. Hecktor Laurie McPherson, missionaries of the Presbyterian church.

Attack Is Sudden.

The natives said that the two missionaries were teaching in the mission building, which stands high on the beach near a little harbor, when 200 unconverted natives, howling war cries and brandishing clubs and spears, appeared on the crest of a hill, less than half a mile from the mission.

The savages stopped for a moment on the top of the hill and appeared to hold a council of war. Suddenly they gave vent to a series of uenarthly shrieks and started down over the side of the hill. Clubs and spears were waved in a wild manner, while the oncoming horde continued to give forth bloodcurdling cries.

The teaching in the mission had ceased as soon as the natives appeared, but there was little chance for the Christian natives or their instructors to escape. They only had a few canoes in the harbor and some of the natives rushed for these. Before they could pull away from the beach the savages were upon them. One big native, evidently the chief, loudly proclaimed that no one was to be killed, that all were to be taken prisoners that the tribe might feast.

Clothes Made a Hit.

Aiming blows at the heads of the Christians with their huge war clubs, the assailants soon had captured 13 native Christians and the two missionaries. The missionaries, with their store of clothes, formed the center of attraction. There was much jibbering and gesticulation and angry arguments over who should claim the two prize prisoners. The chief again showed his authority by ordering the two missionaries bound.

Thick thongs were brought forward and the two clergymen were bound and left lying on the beach in the tropical sun for several hours, while the savages took the native captives inland. The cannibals then returned to the beach and carried the missionaries in a litter to the crater of the extinct volcano Van Iue, in the center of the island.

Great preparations were made for the terrible feast. For two days and two nights the cannibals kept up a hideous din with the tom toms and war songs. Wild dances and orgies succeeded one after another. At times their weird dancing could plainly be seen by a few natives who escaped and who later gave the story to the world. They could also hear the unearthly yells of the savages, who were bent upon working their appetites to a ravenous state. All the time the two Christian missionaries were lying at the mouth of the crater. They were kept supplied with native fruits and with good clear water.

Slept After the Feast.

After the expiration of the corroboree, which lasted 48 hours, the savages began the climax of their diabolical rites. The missionaries were slain and devoured amid wild scenes of exultation. The captive natives were left without food or water during the war dances. After the feast the savages were overcome by drowsiness and it is believed that all of the native prisoners escaped.

As they were rowing away from the island the fugitive natives could see the big chief and a native who appeared to be his assistant donning the clothing of the missionaries.

The Winkelman brought news of a general revival of the old time religious customs in the Tonga, the Society, the Solomon and the Cook groups. The natives are holding dances and feasting on human flesh as they did in the days before the white men interfered.

Savage island where the tragedy occurred is one of the Navigator group in Samoan waters.

SEVERAL WERE KILLED

Many Injured When Dynamite Lighter Blows Up.

Victoria, B. C., April 28.—Shaking Kobe with the force of an earthquake and leaving damage suggestive of a typhoon, a terrific explosion took place on a dynamite lighter in Kobe harbor on April 7, according to news brought by the steamer Awa. Not only was immense damage sustained ashore, including more than 15,000 buildings damaged, two persons were killed and 83 injured, but the Blue Funnel liner Myrmidon and some other vessels narrowly escaped. Several steamers were quickly moved when the dynamite-laden lighter was seen to be on fire. The Myrmidon was stopped just as the lighter blew up with a terrific detonation. The steamer vibrated heavily and the hatches were forced off.

The explosion ignited 130 tons of dynamite and three other lighters, holding 50 tons more, were sunk by the upheaval without exploding. A huge column of water and debris was thrown up and a number of persons on shore were thrown down, as were also officers on several steamers in the harbor.

Scarcely a house in Kobe escaped some damage. Many buildings along the bund, notably the Oriental hotel, the German consulate and steamship and business offices were severely injured. There were only two men on the lighter. Both were killed.

PLAGUE FIGHTERS GATHER

Tuberculosis Convention Opens In Washington.

Washington, May 2.—Opening with a general business session, the sixth annual convention of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis began a two days' meeting here today with hundreds of delegates from all parts of the country in attendance. Marked progress in the battle against the dread "white plague" will be noted when the leading investigators present to the convention the results of their year's labors.

After the business session this morning the delegates divided and proceeded in various sections. Those divisions on the program for the day's session were the pathological and sociological sections and a meeting of the advisory council. Tomorrow's sessions will be devoted to the clinical section.

Women Honored in New Cathedral.

Lady's Pictorial.

Liverpool cathedral will be remarkable for many things, among them the fact that probably no other building of equal importance has had a younger architect. G. Gilbert Scott was only 23 when his drawing were accepted. It will be some 30 years before the structure will be completed, but the Lady Chapel is to be opened next summer, and in this will be found a magnificent scheme of stained glass windows in commemoration of the deeds of good women.

All the famous women of the Old and New Testament are to be included, but there will also be memorials of good women of modern times—Mary Collet, Grace Darling, Josephine Butler, Elizabeth Fry, Ann Clough, Mary Somerville, Mary Rogers, the stewardess of the Stella, Queen Victoria, Susannah Wesley and others. Some of the names will appear strange to many, but I have not seen that of Miss Nightingale. The Lady with the Lamp could hardly be omitted.

AVIATOR TRIUMPHS

Paulhan Wins $50,000 Prize in First Big Aeroplane Derby.

Manchester, Eng., April 28.—The first aerial Derby for a prize offered by an Englishman has been won by a Frenchman, and hadsomely.

Upon landing here Louis Paulhan was given a tremendous ovation and unstinted praise for his remarkable feat. At the same time his less experienced but no less plucky competitor is being showered with congratulations over his splendid attempt and because he has shown himself a good loser. As soon as Graham White learned of Paulhan's success he called for three cheers for the victor.

Paulhan, winner of the $50,000 prize for the first flight from London to Manchester made within 24 hours and with not more than two stops, arrived there at 5:30 o'clock this morning, almost exactly twelve hours after he left London last evening.

Again Meets Hard Luck.

White got away from the metropolis an hour later, again met misfortune and was again obliged to descend at Polesworth and abandoned the race after having covered a little more than half the distance. White, who is hardly more than a novice in the art of aviation, encountered treacherous wind currents which thrice turned his machine around, and he also experienced trouble with his motor. But for the Englishman's ill luck and lack of experience there would have been a close finish.

Paulhan was benumbed with the cold and thoroughly exhausted when he reached here. A great crowd awaited him and gave him a sportsmanlike welcome. Manchester first saw the French aviator a few minutes after 5 o'clock, coming steadily as a steamer on a smooth sea and heading directly for the field which he had chosen as a landing place. Flying at a height of 400 feet, Paulhan came over a clump of trees and then, bringing his by-plane around with a beautiful curve, landed exactly in the center of the field. He seemed dazed and benumbed and swayed as he walked down the field. All he could say was, "I am very cold, but very happy."

Given Hearty Welcome.

From his friends and the crowd the aviator received a hearty welcome, but he was too tired to reply to the ovation. Presently he went to a hotel and retired.

Paulhan did the last 24 miles in exactly 24 minutes, outdistancing the special train bearing his wife, Henry Farman and other friends, which had accompanied him.

When at Polesworth, White was told of the Frenchman's success he mounted the seat of an automobile and cried:

"Ladies and Gentlemen! the $50,000 prize has been won by Louis Paulhan, the finest aviator that the world has ever seen. Compared with him I am only a novice. Three cheers for Paulhan!"

The crowd gathered about the generous Englishman gave the cheers heartily, following them with a round of cheers for White, who said:

"There is no longer an opportunity for me to win the prize, but I mean to get to Manchaster and by aeroplane."

Speaking of the flight which he made White said: "I was completely turned around three times by the wind. I tried my best to get along against it, but unfortunately it was no use and I was forced to plane down. I managed to get over the telegraph wires and got a start over the track of the railroad at Roade by aid of signal lights, but over a good many miles about Rugby I saw no signal light and there was considerable wind. I could see clouds dancing across the moon, and when daylight came the breezes were still vigorous and the gusts troubled me a lot."

Flies at Great Height.

Following the example of the Frenchman, who got away from London an hour ahead of him yesterday, White was up long before daylight this morning and was in the air at 2:50 o'clock, more than aan hour before Paulhan started from Lichfield, 50 miles further north. White passed Rugby just before day broke, flying at a great height and with terrific speed in an effort to make up the distance which he had lost by his late start yesterday. He kept up his peed following the railway line as well as he could in the uncertain light, over Nuneaton and Atherstone, and when he was compelled to descend at Polesworth he was only 1 miles from Lichfield, from which point Paulhan had started but a moment before. Paulhan, pon ascending at Lichfield sharply at 4:09 o'clock this morning was hurried on by the news that White already was in the air and approaching Lichfield. Paulhan encountered a sharp southwest wind, which, while toward the end of his journey, made it almost impossible for him to keep a firm grasp on the levers, helped him on his way.

Immense Crowd There.

An immense crowd was gathered at the field where the machine was stored over night and along the roads leading northward, and they gave the Frenchman encouraging cheers, although their sympatnes naturally were with their fellow-countryman. As he flew gracefully over them the French aviator made a wide circle to get his bearings, and when he had determined his course he mounted to a good height, just missing a tall elm tree in the ascent.

Then he sailed directly for Stafford, the aeroplane swaying perilously in the wind. Paulhan followed the railway line all the way to Manchester, usually at a height of 300 feet, but rising to 700 feet when passing over towns, and the people who turned out to cheer saw but a speck in the sky.

White was one of the first to telegraph congratulations to his rival. His message read:

"I take the earliest opportunity of offering you my heartiest congratulations on your splendid performance. The better man has won."

BODIES FROZEN IN RIGGING

Fishing Schooner Wrecked on Rocks of Sanak Island.

Seattle, Wash., April 29.—A cable dispatch from Seward, Alaska, gives details of the loss of the cod fishing schooner Stanley, March 28, when the vessel went on the rocks of Sanak Island. When a rescue party reached the wreck, they found the bodies of Captain Koehler and Mates Bauers and Williams frozen stiff in the rigging. The cook had been swept overboard, and drowned.

Five of the crew who survived jumped overboard the day after the schooner went on the reef, and were picked up by dories that put out from the shore. The rescuers made valiant attempts to save the lives of the three men who were lashed to the rigging, but they were unsuccessful. Captain Koehler died just before the rescuers reached him.

BRITISH BUDGET IS A LAW

London, April 29.—The budget, which has kept politics in a turmoil during the past year, received the royal assent this morning, thus becoming a law on the anniversary of its introduction.

The house of lords and the house of commons met in formal session today, not more than a dozen of the members being present to hear the royal assent read. Both houses adjourned until May 24.

Route of Aerial Race

The courses pursued by Louis Paulhan and Graham White in their race between London and Manchester were almost parallel. The distance by railway is more than 180 miles.

BALLINGER ON GRILL

Accused Official Makes a Striking Figure as He Takes Stand.

Washington, April 29.—Secretary Ballinger took the stand soon after the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry began this morning, and his attorney, Mr. Vertrees, at once launched into the direct examination of the cabinet officer.

Before Mr. Ballinger took the stand Attorney Brandeis stated to the committee that in view of the fact that Mr. Ballinger was about to testify he would like to again call the committees' attention to his request for papers and memoranda bearing on the attorney general's summary of the Glavis charges. He said he would like to renew his request in modified form, as he needed the papers in the cross examination of Mr. Ballinger. After considerable discussion the committee decided to grant a hearing on the request tomorrow morning.

Made Striking Figure.

Mr. Ballinger then was sworn. Standing on the dais with right hand raised, head erect and left hand in his pocket, he made a striking figure. He took the oath in a firm voice and appeared to be perfectly at ease as he assumed his seat in the witness chair.

Mr. Ballinger recounted the story of his career up to the time he became commissioner general of the land office on the earnest solicitation of President Roosevelt, Secretary Garfield and Senator Piles.

He referred to the anti-vice crusade he led while mayor of Seattle.

"They knew I would enforce the law, and I did," he stated emphatically.

Mr. Ballinger read telegrams he had received from Mr. Garfield and Mr. Roosevelt after he had replied negatively to a suggestion of Senator Piles that he accept the post of commissioner of the land office. Reading from the Roosevelt telegram he said:

"It is your duty to help me. You and Garfield will lift an immense burden from my shoulders."

It was then, Mr. Ballinger said, that he decided to accept the post and Mr. Vertrees asked the witness whether his relations with Garfield then were friendly.

"Friendly, but never intimate. I knew Mr. Garfield in college."

Knew Six Coal Claimants.

Mr. Vertrees asked Mr. Ballinger whether he knew any of the Cunningham Alaskan coal claimants at the time he became commissioner. He said he was not aware he knew any of them at that time, but had since discovered that he knew about six of them, whom he named.

"Did you have any interest in Alaskan lands?" asked Mr. Vertress.

"I had no interest in Alaskan or any other lands whatsoever, either directly or indirectly," retorted Mr. Ballinger emphatically.

"What professional relations did you or your law firm have at that time with Alaska?"

"I don't recall that we represented any, with the possible exception of Watson Allen, a lumberman, who had some interest in Nome, in placer gold digging."

"That was all?"

"Now, wait. I want to qualify that statement. I did represent the Pioneer Mining Co., which I organized in 1904 or 1905. Its interests were in and about Nome, and it was composed largely of Scandinavians."

Mr. Ballinger then told of having come to Washington and of an interview he had had at the White House with President Roosevelt soon after his arrival. Raising his voice Mr. Ballinger said: "The President said to me as he greeted me: 'I have no apologies to make, Ballinger. I'm glad you are here. Any man who 'could clean up Seattle as you did can clean up that land office.'"

Describes the Clean-Up.

Mr. Ballinger then described how he "cleaned up" the land office, relating in detail the many changes he had had made and the innovations he had introduced. Mr. Ballinger said he first met L. R. Glavis in San Francisco in the summer of 1907. At that time he said nothing had been said about coal lands, but that Glavis had asked him to secure his transfer to Portland when he returned to Washington.

Explaining why he had put H. K. Love in charge of the Alaskan coal cases instead of H. T. Jones, another special agent, Mr. Ballinger said he lacked confidence in Jones. "His action before this committee justifies my opinion of him," said Mr. Ballinger. Mr. Jones testified against Mr. Ballinger at the inquiry.

Attorney Vetrees asked Mr. Ballinger about a conference he had with Glavis in December, 1907. He referred Ballinger to Glavis' testimony before the committee that they had talked about several specific groups of Alaskan coal claims.

"That's a wilful and deliberate lie," exclaimed Mr. Ballinger. He said they had discussed the situation in general, but that he knew nothing about any groups.

Mr. Vertrees called the witness' attention to the matter of the "clean listing" of the Cunningham entries by his order as commissioner in January, 1908.

Mr. Ballinger said he and Chief of Field Division Schwartz had gone over the report on the claims of H. K. Love, made on August 2, 1907, and decided that the claims were entitled to patent, there being no protest in the record.

"I want to say right here," said Mr. Ballinger, "that if I were passing over those same claims today with the same record before me I would say they were entitled to be clean-listed." He was emphatic on this point and reiterated it several times.

"Did you represent any of the Cunningham claimants?" asked Mr. Vertrees.

"I never had any professional or legal business with a single one of the men listed as Cunningham entrymen," responded Mr. Ballinger.

Says Glavis Was Pampered.

The secretary denied Glavis' statement that he had informed him (Ballinger) that the Love report on which the Cunningham "clear listing" was based, was unreliable, because it was likely to have been influenced by Love's candidacy for United States marshal in Alaska. Mr. Ballinger said those claims had been under investigation ever since and under Glavis up to the time of his dismissal last summer.

"Did you ever interfere with Glavis' investigations into these claims?" asked Mr. Vertrees.

"Not in the slightest degree at any time," replied Mr. Ballinger. "Glavis was never hampered, but was pampered all the way through."

Ballinger was asked as to his differences with Secretary Garfield in 1907 about coal lands. The witness explained thta he had favored the sale system as opposed to a leasing system. He said Mr. Garfield disapproved of his report, but subsequently President Roosevelt called him to the White House and asked him to explain what his differences with Garfield were. As a result of that interview he had written the President, embodying his views when he saw the President subsequently the latter said to him: "I have embodied your recommendation in my annual message, but I guess when Garfield and Pinchot see it they will go through the roof. But I guess the roof is strong enough to hold 'em."

THEY WANT ROOSEVELT

Politicians Boom Him for the Senate.

Washington, April 7.—Theodore Roosevelt for the United States senate as successor to Chauncey Depew. This is the way the political prophets and wiseacres in Washington have the situation in New York state figured out today.

They arrive at this conclusion from many different viewpoints, but there is apparently a consensus of opinion that this suggestion offers a solution to a multitude of problems confronting the Republican party not only in the empire state, but in the nation at large.

In the general discussion of the situation growing out of the appointment of Governor Hughes to the supreme court bench, it already had been agreed that his retirement from politics leaves Colonel Roosevelt as the probable dictator of the party in New York state. The party leaders in Washington realize, and they believe Mr. Roosevelt will come to realize the same thing, that the exigencies in New York demand a strong factor in the race this fall if the Republicans are to gain success at the polls.

With Theodore Roosevelt as a candidate for the senate, it is predicted here that the Republican party would easily retain control of the legislature and that the Roosevelt personality in the campaign would bring success to the entire state ticket.

This new feature of the situation was widely discussed today both at the capitol and at the White House by senators and representatives, though none was willing to take the matter up directly with the President. In view of the efforts that are being made in some quarters to array Colonel Roosevelt against Mr. Taft it would manifestly be a delicate thing at this time to broach the subject to the President or to attempt to secure an opinion from him.

Friends of the administration, however, who are still confident that Mr. Roosevelt will lend aid to the President, pointed out today the fact that as a United States senator the returning African hunter would become a power in the administration and his support in the upper branch of congress would mean a wonderful strengthening of Mr. Taft's hands.

As a matter of party expediency in the Empire state as a means of giving free play to the wonderful Roosevelt activities of mind and body, as a solution of many of the difficulties that confront the administration, for which he was so largely responsible, and from many other points of view, they have it figured here that Colonel Roosevelt and the United States senate are rapidly moving toward each other.

TEN ARE KILLED IN HOTEL FIRE

Cornwall, Ont., April 29.—Ten persons were burned to death, a number are reported missing and several were injured in a fire which destroyed the Rossmore house and annex, Bailey's jewelry store, the Canadian Pacific railway telegraph and the Bell Co. offices early today. Other buildings were badly damaged. The property loss is $250,000. The dead are:

Charles C. Gray, proprietor of the Rossmore hotel, his wife and two children.

Benjamin Fielding, accountant of the Sterling bank.

Charles Gagne, teller of the Bank of Montreal, Levis, Quebec.

Mrs. W. Taylor Archbald, a guest.

Miss White, of Cornwall, a guest.

William Hulme, a porter.

Ernest Bullen, bell boy.

BROADER THAN HE WAS LONG

Man Measuring 6 feet 8 Inches Around Waist Dies.

New York, May 2.—William H. Burrett, a hotelkeeper of Locust Valley, L. I., famed for being considerably broader than he was long, died today. His collars were size 22½ and he was six feet eight inches around the waist and weighed 568 pounds. He was 48 years old.

BRIBES FROM LORIMER

Democrat Says He Received $1,000 For His Vote in Legislature.

Chicago, April 30.—According to a copyrighted story printed today in the Chicago Tribune, the newspaper has in its possession a sworn statement by Charles A. White, a member of the lower house of the Illinois legislature from the 49th district, charging that William Lorimer was elected to the United States senate last May by bribery and corruption.

White, who is a Democrat, in his statement says that he received $1,000 for voting for Lorimer. This money, he alleges, was paid him by Lee O'Niel Browne, Democratic leader of the last legislature.

White also says that he received $900 more from the "jack pot" a term applied to an alleged general corruption fund distributed at the close of each session of the legislature. The $900, White alleges, was paid him by Robert E. Wilson, also a member of the legislature.

According to White, he was first aproached by Browne on May 24 1909, while the voting was going on for a United States Senator. A deadlock had existed for some time. Browne asked White if he would vote for Lorimer and White said he could and would. On May 25, they met again and Browne said he would pay $1,000 and a share of the "jack pot" for White's vote for Lorimer, according to the statement. On the next day Lorimer was elected on joint ballot, many Democratics voting for him and White was among the number.

White says Browne paid him $100 the next week at Springfield. Later at Chicago, White alleges Browne paid him $50 and then $850. At the time he received the last sum, White says that Browne had $30,000 in a belt.

On July 15, White says he met Wilson at the Southern hotel in St. Louis in response to a telegram and received $900 as his share of the "jack pot."

State's Attorney Wayman this morning sent for Representative White, in connection with the latter's confession. It is believed that White will be asked to tell his story to the special grand jury ordered to report next Monday. In stating his reasons yesterday for desiring an inquisitorial body, Mr. Wayman particularized the charges of John C. Fetzer, that money had been used in furthering legislation desired by the Chicago Western Indiana Railroad Co., but added the words: "For such other purposes." Mr. Wayman was familiar with the White allegations when he asked for the grand jury, and the "other purposes" presumably includes the hearing of White's story.

Efforts made early to reach Senator Lorimer and Representative Wilson were unsuccessful. At Senator Lorimer's country home a woman answering the long distance telephone declared the senator had "gone out" and would not be back until after noon. Representative Wilson was said to have left his home here as early as 7:30 o'clock this morning to go "somewhere on the North Side."

Lee O'Neil Browne, Democratic leader of the Illinois house of representatives, shouted over the telephone from his home at Ottawa: "Remarkable! These charges are remarkable; you should look this man White up. I don't know him very well, but I know his methods. I don't like to discuss them. Mr. White should remember, in making these charges, that I hold, and doubtless other members of the assembly hold, his notes for small amounts—'touches.' These and some other notes will help to how what calibre of man it is makes these charges. I will state flatly that I never received or spent a nickle in behalf of Senator Lorimer, one way or the other."

At Springfield, Governor Deneen declared that a searching investigation of the charges is due the people of Illinois.

PAPER SUPPLY DWINDLING

America May Soon Have to Import Big Quantities From Canada.

Washington, April 28.—If the supply of paper produced in the United States continues to decrease during the remainder of the present year as it has during the past six months this country will be obliged to import from Canada and other countries a constantly increasing amount of wood pulp and paper and to pay the greater price which is imposed by the tariff. This is shown by statistics prepared by Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations, at the request of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, from monthly reports made to him during the past eighteen months by the American Paper and Pulp Association.

The opinion has been expressed in various quarters that as a result of this showing the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, which during the discussion of the tariff bill put up a vigorous fight for free paper, will renew its fight and demand a revision of the paper schedule of the tariff bill.

EXILED PRESIDENT DIES

Nord Alexis in Ill Health Since He Was Deposed.

Kingston, Jamaica, May 2.—Nord Alexis, the exile president of Haiti, died here yesterday following a brief illness. His health had been considerably broken by the experiences of the last year and a half, after he was deposed from the presidency and sent into exile. He had been a refugee here since the revolution of 1908 and was possessed of considerable property in Kingston.

MEN-MADE LAWS

Composition and Powers of Legislative Bodies of the Nations.

London Tit-Bits.

The parliaments of other nations are in the majority of cases much like our own, but many of them have less extensive powers than the house of Westminster. The most remarkable parliaments are those of Switzerland. In certain of the Swiss cantons, among them being Glarus, Uri, Obwald, Nidwald and the two Appenzells, the parliaments, or landsgemeinden, are held out of doors once a year, generally on the last Sunday in April or the first in May, legislation being carried or rejected by a show of hands. The Swiss parliaments have met under the canopy of heaven for over five centuries, and officials are elected, budgets examined and laws passed in the presence of the populace, with no wrangling or unseemly debates. When a law is proposed to be passed, the ministers of the canton stand upon a platform and call aloud: "Let every man whom it pleases to have this law passed hold up his hand." Up go the hands, and when they have been counted the ministers call for the "noes." Generally the "ayes" are in such numbers that there is no need to count the "noes."

Two bodies form Germany's parliament. One known as the bundesrath, represents the government of the different states, and the other, called the reichstag, represents the German nation. The bundesrath has fifty-eight members, while the reichstag has 400, who are elected every five years. No enactment can be passed and become law without the direct sanction of the kaiser.

Italy has a very fine parliament. The senate, which is similar to our house of lords, consists of some three hundred members, including the princes of the royal household. The camera de deputati, which takes a corresponding place in the government of the country to the commons at Westminster, is made up of 300 members elected by the people every five years.

Denmark's house of lords is called the landsthing and her commons the folksthing. Both are excellently managed, notwithstanding the fact that the members who comprise them are comparatively young in years.

The reichsrath and the reichstag are the legislative bodies of Austria-Hungary, but the country has several smaller parliaments, known as the landtage. No laws can be passed by the landtage without the consent of the reichsrath and the reichstag, who in turn cannot allow a law to take effect until it has received the assent of the emperor or his ministers, acting on his behalf.

In Belgium the senate takes the place of our lords and the chamber of representatives the commons. Senators are elected for eight years and the representatives for four years. Every two years, half of the members of the chamber of representatives retire, but are eligible for re-election.

The French senate of 300 members practically does the same work as the lords here, while the chamber of deputies of 584 members is the equivalent of our house of commons.

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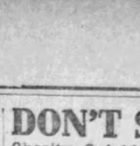

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

CHILDREN AND BOOKS

Perhaps, you who have children, know by experience what it is to have the care of three little ones, all under the age of six. The mother has not much time to call her own, or to commune with her thoughts till after the little, busy hands and laughing eyes are closed in slumberland, but blessed, careful comforters, God has given to us to train and educate, so they may go forth stalwart, sturdy men and women; good, useful American citizens, fit to grace any society or mingle with any nation's peers. Though not titled in name, but with sterling worth and noble blood and energy to carry them through prosperity as well as adversity, may they ever be good-fearing, law-abiding subjects of this great country of ours.

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make a mighty ocean and a glorious strand."

"Mighty oaks from tiny acorns grow," thirty years ago my teacher told me so. Childhood's impressions never fade.

I wonder if those well-written, uninteresting books we get so very often at public libraries are the work of college-educated people, or are they written for mercenary purposes? I could mention the names of a few, but it would not be kind, and they may just suit some people. You know all kinds of people like all kinds of books. Just let me tell you of a few grand books I read in the past winter. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The Shepherd of the Hills, and The Calling of Dan Matthews.

These I consider the finest I have read. Many others I read with less interest, but I never fail to get some good out of every book. I am a very busy mother and housewife, but mothers have to have some recreation, so I read at night and Sundays when the children are at play.

Certainly good writers have much to be thankful for, besides the revenue they obtain from the sale of their books. If they bring comfort and joy to only one poor, hungry soul, their labors, I would consider, not spent in vain. Do you know so many people read a book, throw it down, and pronounce it trashy, failing to read between the lines. It is a wonderful gift to be able to interpret what we believe the author tries to show. As we grow old we read differently. After we get to wearing glasses, we see plainer. Yours sincerely—Jean A. Davidson, California.

THIS ONE IS HAPPY

My Dear Sisters of the Cozy Corner—Your letters have done me so much good. I am all alone this Sabbath afternoon, my husband having gone to see his brother. I have just finished reading the C. C. letters. I have thought of dropping in with you sisters for some time, so I will write a few lines this afternoon, and if I see my letter in print I will come again.

I live among the beautiful hills of West Virginia, on a farm of 55 acres. I have been married seven years. Neither my husband nor I had anything when we were married, not even a horse or cow—we had nothing at all. We stayed with my father nearly one year, then we rented the farm we are on now for two years. My husband and I went right down to hard work. We have both worked hard all the time up to now, when we have our little home paid for and two good cows, one horse and ten head of sheep. I help my husband all I can. I think all wives should help their husbands and husbands should help their wives. I keep myself clothed and set the table with the money made from eggs, butter and chickens. My dear sisters, this is all a help to our husbands. I milk two cows, churn, wash, do all my house work, make all my garden and then find time to help my dear, good husband in the corn field. I love to get out to hoe in the corn, and it does my husband a world of good to have me out with him, for he gets lonely by himself, and so do I.

We have no children, but have four pets for our babies. They are one little lamb and three cats. They are almost like children to us. It is so beautiful to sit here and look out of the window at the green honeysuckles and the pretty lilacs. I have three bushes, bending with bloom. I wish I could send you sisters all a bunch. Well, I must close.—Rubie Deen, West Virginia.

OUR HELPFUL LETTERS

Dear Friends: 1909 was a good year to us, and we have nothing to complain of and many things for which to be thankful. Your letters are so good and helpful, I read every word of the Household page every week, so you may know how much I receive from it. I love my home in Oklahoma more and more and I feel that it is good to live, though sometimes I have discouragements, but, dear ones, I always look for and expect to find good in mankind, the work of God's hands. May you all have as much happiness here as possible, and joy and peace hereafter.—Contentment.

NATURAL BRIDGE

As I have never seen a letter from my part of old mother Virginia I thought I would write and tell of our beautiful Natural bridge. I live about two miles from it and go there to church. It is of solid rock with Cedar creek running through and under it. The top is a public road. It is prettier in summer when the trees and grass are green than it is in winter. Many people come to see it during the summer and all the year. There is a dam across Cedar creek, just below the bridge, where one may go for a boat-ride. Other places of interest are Saltpetre cave, Lost river and Lace waterfall. They are all beautiful. As I am a new comer I will close by signing my name.—Tony, Virginia.

HELP WANTED

Will some of the Household readers please help me? I want to know how to prepare good, wholesome meals, especially breakfasts, for my men folks who work in the field. We live in northwest Kansas, where it is almost impossible to raise vegetables and fruit, so we must buy everything we eat except butter, eggs and milk. We live 10 miles from market, and one soon tires of canned fruit, just plain.

Farmers' wives, please help me out, and you will confer a great favor on perhaps more than myself.—A. H. L., Kansas.

Here is a request I hope you good housewives will not overlook. I would study the cook books myself, but I think some of you will know how to help out here better than—Elizabeth. Please send your suggestions to the Household Editor, as usual.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The sun is shining brightly on Toledo at the present time of writing. Everybody is glad to see it.

Will the friend who wanted Lone Woman's address, please write to me again. Your letter made a strange disappearance.—Elizabeth.

All's well in the Cozy Corner. Recently we have heard from Hosea Drake, Mrs. Etta Elton, Lena Lancaster, Arthur Turner, and Mrs. A. J. W.

I am much obliged to everyone who has renewed his or her subscription and has sent in clubs. Much obliged.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning are taken from the letters written to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself.

SUNDAY

It is a beautiful Sabbath day. I am sitting here alone, yet we are never alone when God is with us.—Eliza A. Jewell, Iowa.

MONDAY

If all the wives would be kinder to their husbands and wear a smile instead of a frown they would be much happier.—A Happy Mother, North Carolina.

TUESDAY

Instead of telling the bad things that occur let us lighten some one else's burden by telling the many, many good things this life affords.—Mrs. W. H. Fogleman, Virginia.

WEDNESDAY

The jolts and jars of life are what bring out true merit and will develop sunshine within us, if we will let it shine.—Pennemite Jake, Pennsylvania.

THURSDAY

Instead of criticising, let us have more charity.—Columbia, Washington.

FRIDAY

I have a dear, good husband, or at least I think so. I believe we ought all to try to think our husbands good, if possible.—Martha C., Tennessee.

SATURDAY

I have three boys and I am proud of it. My house is not always just in order, but this is their happiest time. They confide all their troubles to me and ask me so many questions, but it is much better for them to ask me than to ask strangers.—Mrs. Ruey Maxwell, Ohio.

A MODEL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

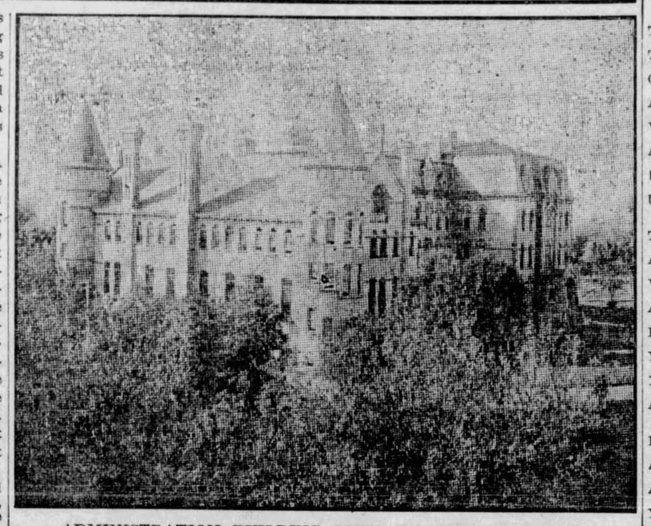
IOWA has a model school for boys where boys who have gone wrong are taught to go right, and this without prison methods. An account of this school, written by Saint Nihal Singh, is given in the May Twentieth Century Magazine, and from it is taken this story.

Instead of calling the institution a reform school, it is dignified with the name industrial, and is made as much like a home as is possible. "Nothing about the grounds, nothing in the school rooms, nothing in the work shops, nothing in the residential dormitories, will you find that is suggestive of the gaol or dungeon. There are no bars about the place—absolutely none. A low iron fence encloses the grounds. This is for ornamental purposes, not for confining the boys within the compound. Even the gateways are not locked or guarded. They remain open during the night and day. Steel or wood bars do not guard the windows."

The boys wear uniforms, patterned somewhat after a military uniform, and in this they look like miniature soldiers. "They are carefully drilled, for the officers in charge of them believe that military drill not only develops a boy's body, but also teaches prompt and willing obedience, and moulds character. They have a band of their own—a military band of 35 pieces, conducted by an able instructor."

The head of the school, Mr. W. L. Kuser, is a man barely 35 years old. He has not forgoten that he was once a boy, and does not hedge himself in a secluded sanctum. "Anyone can approach him, at any time of his waking hours—any boy can come and tell him his little troubles—may weep a few tears and find consolation in them."

"The woman influence is strong in the Iowa Industrial school. About one-half of the employes are women." In the dining hall you find these boys who have gone there in severe military file, supervised and instructed in table manners by women. The boys live in cottages in companies. A married couple is in charge of each cottage. This gives the boys a touch of home life.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, IOWA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

"Life in the cottage is productive of much good. During the long winter evenings the boys read books and magazines. The family manager and his wife, who are in charge of the cottage, bring magazines and books for the boys from the library, which contains more than 3,000 volumes and nearly all of the current magazines of standing. The parlor contains a phonograph and many choice records. There is also an organ in the recreation room, and the boys enjoy the reading and the music."

The school has its own electric light and telephone and steam heating and power plants, and all the work about them is performed by boys, in fact everything about the whole institution is done by boys, even to the making and mending of their clothing. All this work means a curtailment of the cash expenses of the school and also teaches the boys one of the following trades:

Agriculture, baking, barbering, bricklaying, blacksmithing, carpentering, cooking, electrical engineering, floriculture, harness making, laundering, painting and decorating, plastering and plumbing, printing and shoemaking, stationary engineering, steam fitting, stock raising, tailoring, stone masonry and cement work.

In the summer the boys enjoy outdoor sports, for which the school offers exceptional facilities. In winter they have skating and various sorts of entertainments which are planned and carried out by the boys. All the entertainments are given in the chapel, where there is a large pipe organ and a piano. Everywhere at the school is the impetus to "make good," and the influence which tends to awaken love for home and right living.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear Letter Writers and Elizabeth: You said to come again, so here I am. You are going to be rather surprised when you read what I am going to write about, but I wager that among the readers there will be a few, at least, who agree with me. It is about something most men and a few women like mighty well; something they would walk a good distance to see; something that makes them wish rainy days never came—although I myself adore rainy days. There is nothing I like better than to curl up in an easy chair with a volume of Sherlock Holmes' adventures, and an apple, when it is gray, and wet, and dreary outside. There isn't any of this "something" in the winter here, although we can read about it, then. While witnessing this "something" we are liable to fall from the greatest heights of joy to the lowest depths of despair; we are apt to rave and almost tear our hair, and the women are apt to wish they were men, so they could say something forceful to the ump—whew! I almost let it out, but of course you know now. It surely is nothing more nor less than our great national game—base ball!

Now aren't some of you wild about it? We have such a fine ball park here in Toledo. Swayne Field is the name, and it is about perfect, as parks go. It is worth your while to just sit there in the open air and watch the ball fly from hand to hand during practice, even if you know nothing about the game. It is good to see the life, strength and vigor in the men as they frisk around the diamond. And you Toledoans—will you ever forget the opening game at the new park? Eighteen innings of excitement!

There is one picture I like. A shower has come up during the game and the players sit on the benches while the rooters impatiently wait for the clearing before the game can be called. Soon the sun comes out, and it never seems to come in all its glory so much as it does then. The clouds scurry away. The turf is very wet and green and the warm rays cause the little pools of water to shine like gold. The covers are removed from the bases and the players hurry out, eager to get into the game again, their white suits fitting into the warm, green, moist background like a picture.

You must not think, because I like baseball, I am not womanly. Judge for yourself. I love homemaking, housekeeping, and babies; that is, I love what I know about them. I've never had real experience, you see. Maybe I'll write about it some time.—Ene, Toledo.

Mornin', this beautiful spring day. I have been thinking of the M. G. R.'s all the morning, so I will write at once, 'cause if you don't do things at once, too often you don't do them at all.

Ene, of Toledo, I am with you on the dog question. You certainly can see the love-light in a dog's kind eyes. For myself, I prefer a large dog, as I do not care to see a lady carrying a poodle. I am that much like Billy Sunday.

Don't believe every little thing you hear against people. Give your friends the "benefit of the doubt," even if people are sort o' down and out, and you know them, speak to them kindly, as you may be the means of turning them to better things and winning "a star in your crown."—Etoile, Indiana.

I have been reading your letters and am very much interested in them. My home is in the country. We have a large orchard and a great abundance of fruit of almost every kind, nearly all of the time. There are several churches and school houses just a little ways from my home, and we have jolly times attending literaries at the school houses during the winter months. I should like to join your club, if you will take me in. I am a West Virginia girl, whose pen name is—Guess Who.

As descriptive letters seem to be in order I will add one more to the list. I live in Little Valley, the county seat of Cott county, New York. It is a very pleasant little village of about 1,500 inhabitants. There are three cutlery shops, one razor factory, one feed mill, one saw mill, and a powdered milk plant. The last mentioned has been erected recently and will soon begin operations. We have a fine school, four churches, two hotels, no saloons and no license. There are two general stores, one strictly dry goods store, three groceries, two telephone stations, and last, but not least, a trolley line which is enjoyed by all classes of people.

We are within a half hour's ride of the foot hills of the Allegheny mountains, and we are near an Indian reservation. New and modern buildings belong to the county. We are surrounded by a hilly, but fertile farming country. There are two rural free postoffice.—Black-Eyed Susan of New York.

My father has been a subscriber to The Blade for many years, and we could not keep house without our best and dearest paper. My home is in Hamblen county in the grand, old state of Tennessee. The land is very fertile, and nearly everything is raised on the farms here that people use and have to have.

I live in a community where strawberries are raised by almost every farmer, and to view the many patches in May, when the berries are ripe, is to say that God never made anything more beautiful than the strawberries as they lie, half hidden, in the clustering plants. We have good schools and good men and women as our teachers. I believe all our school-teachers should be devoted Christians, and open every morning with prayer before they begin the studies of the day, asking God to help them train the minds of the little ones. I do not mean by this that I think we have no Christian school-teachers, I believe we have many, but I have reference to those who are not, if there are any. I should be glad to read letters from others on this subject.

This being my first letter I will bring it to a close and write again soon, giving a description of the country in which I live.—A Cheerful Boy, Tennessee.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

I hope you are all well and happy today. If not, get busy.

There is no M. G. R. news to tell today, but then, you know, according to the old saying, "no news is good news."

Letters we are glad to receive are from Pennemite Jake, Auntie, Tennessee Coon, Allison, Muggins, Beryl Cameron, Genevieve Rosseau and Golden Hair.

WATERING PLANTS

Harper's Bazaar.

Wrong watering.—All plants like to have their leaves sprinkled, but to sprinkle the soil about them as a means of giving the roots a drink does very little good, and a thorough soaking once a week is infinitely better than a slight daily wetting. When flowers or vines are planted near a house they are in especial danger of suffering from lack of water and should have much more than in other situations. Among the plants which are heavy drinkers are dahlias, heliotrope, forget-me-nots, Japanese iris. Nasturtiums and poppies, both will starve and go thirsty contentedly, only blooming the better.

NO MORE WRINKLES
BEAUTIFUL BUST

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR VANISHES LIKE MAGIC BY A NEW DISCOVERY.

Let this woman send you free full particulars, follow her instructions then if you are pleased, recommend her wonderful methods to your friends.

SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has discovered a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

Mme. Cuningham is the only beauty culturist in the world who sends out beauty outfits and treatments to thousands of women everywhere to try. She does this at her own expense and without one penny cost. Thousands of women may obtain this wonderful Beauty Treatment and Outfit by merely writing her.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods.

You can imagine her joy when by her own simple discovery she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no masks or common massage, no harmful plasters, no rollers, no worthless creams.

By her new process she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed.

Mary Merritt, of Wis., writes, her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her bust is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes, she has not a wrinkle left.

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cuningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, her various new beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to quickly remove wrinkles.
How to develop the bust.
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows.
How to instantly remove superfluous hair.
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles.
How to remove dark circles under the eyes.
How to quickly remove double chin.
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body.
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuningham, Suite 322, 7 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets, lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose withers into the drift of yesterday's flower.

The world would be better off if there were a few more kind women like this in it.

SOME POINTERS

"Good morning" and "Good night" are two phrases no well-regulated family should try to keep house without.

Wear a flower whenever you can, or even a bit of green if a flower is not handy. It gives you a chirky feeling.

You wives, have faith in your husbands. Like breeds like, you know.

The best education does not come from books. They are only keys. Study people. Study the woods and fields and waters and the dwellers therein.

When you are attacked by envy, hatred and malice, forget to be hurt. Forgive those who attack you and feel sorry for them. They hurt themselves the worst.

Whatever your religion, creed or philosophy may be, keep human. Keep your heart warm and your sympathy alive.

If you seal up your heart, you seal out happiness for yourself and for others.

None is ever so black as he may be painted.

You who have lived much know much. Waste no time in regret for the past; rather apply its teachings to help keep others from like mistakes and sorrow. Turn your dearly bought knowledge to account.

If you don't love anyone except yourself, you are mighty lonesome.

In one way or another, everyone of us is crying for the moon, even if we will not confess it.

This is all for today.—Elizabeth.

FINE POST CARDS FREE

A Big Package Sent to All Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2 cent stamp we will mail a set of five most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Ten very finest Floral, Birthday and Motto cards, all different, in exquisite colors, silk finish, beautifully embossed, etc., for only 10 cents. Thirty cards all different 25 cents. With each order we include our plan for getting 50 choice cards free. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

BY ELIZABETH

THE DAY was cold and dark and dreary," and some rainy. That is, it was cold and dark and dreary if you wanted to make it so, but you always have another guess coming about everything, if you want to make it, so the day it was cold and dark and dreary, I made another guess and guessed it was pleasant weather.

The cold, dark, stormy days are the ones convention has appointed for us to play sit-by-the- fire, if we have the leisure, but there is no convention we may not smash all to pieces, provided we hold the right side uppermost. It is rather of an enjoyable sensation to keep people wondering what you are going to do next, especially when you have nothing in particular mapped out for yourself.

To return to the day that, to all outward appearances, was cold and dark and dreary and some rainy. The reason why, I cannot tell, but I had a "hunch" to go out to Walbridge park and stand on the river bank to watch the Maumee go by. It is a good plan to obey hunches, if they are good-natured ones. Any other kind should be refused notice.

The loveliest time at lovely Walbridge is when the fewest people go there. These times are early spring and late autumn, when nature is saying good morning, or good night. Just now, it is saying good morning, though the full break of dawn is a little delayed.

Quite a brisk bit of rain was falling when the car left me at Walbridge, probably because of the wide-open tear ducts of heaven, which were supplying an abundance of fresh water and were making me play rain-in-the-face owing to the absence of an umbrella purposely left behind, my hunch turned me away from the river to the side of the park, where the menagerie is at home.

You do not come upon the four-footed and two-winged ones immediately. First, there is a pleasant path to follow, which you may make as winding as you please. I made it lead down a grassy slope, thickly spangled with spring beauties i' the bud, and only waiting for the sun's warm touch to burst into bloom. The earth was soft and springy under my feet, and in spots, where turf was not, some would have called it muddy, but it was only necessary to circle or jump the spots, and there you were again, with the green grass growing all 'round.

The birds were calling and singing in the rain, in spite of the chill of the air. The moist trunks of the trees looked black and velvety, and the green of the half unfolded foliage, was a green beyond compare. At the foot of the slope there was, and is, a make-believe rustic stream, make-believe because its course has been planned and guided by the hand of man, but its setting is good, and its music is the music of real water—running, rippling and splashing as if it had some place to go to, and must get there in a hurry. Little streams, like little people, often make the most commotion. A representative of this is Judge Lindsay, of Denver's juvenile court. They do say the judge weighs less than a hundred pounds, but there are more than a "considerable few" who are listening to the thunder he is making.

The winding way I followed, through dell and up slippery banks, finally brought me to the enclosure where elk do dwell. They were all at home and glad to see me. I fancy they have not had may callers during the past few months, and have suffered from that lonesome feeling. They pressed close to the wire fence and we engaged in conversation, that is, we engaged in a one-sided conversation; they could speak only with their eyes, but their eyes gave me greeting, and they let me touch their soft noses with my hands.

One there was that was self-seeking. He made it evident that he wanted something to eat, but finding I had nothing that appealed to an elk's palate, he snorted contemptuously and walked away with haughty bearing. The others stayed by me, and I think if they could they would have expressed polite regrets when I left.

Passing to the next exhibit, ladies and gentlemen, I found in a large and too muddy enclosure two of the bison family. One was a stick-in-the-mud and, doubtless oppressed by the mud in which he was stuck, he refused to pay any attention to a solitary visitor. Neither cajolery nor scolding would persuade him to turn his head or move a hoof out of the mire, but the other buffalo was a gentler, more genial soul, and had the will to rise above environment. He kept steady company with me along the length and breadth of his confine. To be sure, there was a double wire fence between us, but we understood each other, and a most enjoyable time was had. I did all of the talking, while Mr. Bison kept pace with me, splashing and sloshing in the mud and water in a way that reminded me of the "sludgy, squdgy creek," in Rudyard Kipling's On the Road to Mandalay, "where the dawn comes up like thunder, outer China 'crost the Bay."

We parted reluctantly, and with the best of feeling.

Across the road, the brown earth road where the grass grew in a broad band like a ribbon stretched between the tracks beaten by wheels, were the cages wherein were Belgian hares. Such a mess of hares! There were hares of all ages and sizes. Ma and pa hares, and children hares, and hares of several different colors and markings.

My, but they were glad to have company! They scrapped with one another to get front seats in their cages. They showed off in kittenish frolics, and they did many things that looked human.

There was no denying this fact; they wanted to eat; you knew it by the way they wiggled their noses and looked wistful. All I had were some little chocolates done up in tin foil. They liked the looks of the bright covering, but, with the exception of one, they would have none of it. The one who would, nibbled the tiny pieces I gave him most daintily, and then, when I was not looking, he bit my fingers by way of asking for more.

Ingrate!

The hares were most fascinating, but there was a crow a little way off who, or which, kept bobbing and ducking and cawing, daring me to come on. I took the dare and cawed back, and beat him at his own game of cawing. Judging from his actions, he thought I, too, was a crow. He flew against the wire netting of his cage and beat his wings against it, in frantic effort to get out where he might up and have at me. I managed to persuade him I was not a crow in disguise, and that his caw was better than mine.

Flattery won the day, and won me his confidence. He showed off his parlor tricks, too. Birds and beasts, like human beings, always show off if given encouragement and signs of appreciation.

In the big cage with the crow were some birds belonging to the heron family. I decided they belonged to the herons, because they stood primly on one leg, with the other neatly tucked away out of sight. One stood on a lovely rose pink leg, and the other's visible leg was sage green. The color scheme was pink and sage green.

Their heads were under their wings, and they refused to notice my presence.

The wild geese in another enclosure were not so uffish. They came a-running in response to my call, waddling and toeing in their webbed feet, every step of the way. They, too, wanted to eat, and when fully convinced that I had nothing, told me what they thought of me in pure wild-geese language.

In the next cage, ladies and gentlemen, were the eagles, looking in fine condition, and high and lofty in perch and demeanor, but they could be reached, and I reached them.

"You great, North American eagles," I said grandiloquently, "you emblems of our country! You flags of the free!"

One rose in majesty; unfurled and spread out his wings so that I might get their full splendor, and bobbed curtsys. He was a polite and magnificent bird, even if the note with which he responded to my salutation was absurdly small and squeaky for an eagle that was putting on style.

Somewhere near by the guineas were sawing and sawing, and I sawed and sawed in return. You have no idea how many tricks you can play with your voice when there is none around to hear you and to look shocked and astonished. Perhaps it's a bit mean to fool the birds and beasties, but they acted as if they liked it, and as if they would have played follow the leader if they could have broken out of their cages.

In the bear pit, so far as I could see, only one bear was at home, and he seemed to be having a fit of green and yellow melancholy, and as if he wished to be alone. I told him he was wearing a beautiful fur coat, but he evidently did not care a thing about it. His was a soul above clothes. He turned his back on me and walked away most rudely, so I left him to sulk alone, as most are left who get sulky.

The conservatory came next on the path that went winding. Its front door was barred against visitors, so I could only peek in the windows. This did not matter. Inside the glass was just a make-believe tropical country. Outside there were real climate and weather. The wind was fresh and clean; so was the rain that was falling, and the combination was bracing.

I saw no one else in Walbridge, except a lone man pushing a wheelbarrow, and he went by so fast I judged he was hunting cover.

Well, the point of all this—sometimes, you have to tell the point of a story—is that with every day that is seemingly cold and dark and dreary and some rainy, you have another guess coming. Out in the cold and dark and drear and rain I heard bird voices singing; bird notes a-ringing. These are what you want to watch and listen for, so be sure you always make the other guess that's coming. Besides, playing rain-in-the-face is fine for the complexion.

I suppose you think this is the vision of a dreamer. It is not. This is all for today.

POETS' CORNER

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Author Unknown.

This world is all a bubble, wherever we may go,
There's nothing here but troubles, hardships, toil and woe;
Go where we will, do what we may,
we are never free from care,
And at the best, this world is but a Castle in the Air.

We are rocked upon the sea of life, just like a little boat,
And some get wrecked upon the rocks, and never get afloat;
But we will do the best we can, and never let despair
Usurp the place between us, and our Castle in the Air.

There is a name known o'er the world, to Englishmen 'tis dear,
And well may they be proud of him, their native Bard Shakespeare;
When first his plays came on the stage, he made the whole world stare
And yet they were composed, while building Castles in the Air.

If you take the words of Shakespeare, and study them well through,
You'll find his sayings are so wise, each sentiment so true;
They'll make you feel while reading them, as if you had been there,
And yet they were composed while building Castles in the Air.

But yet there is another name, to Scotchmen dearer still,
And though a real true Scottish heart, 'twil make the blood to thrill,
And though this world to him had been, a world full of care;
Yet Burns was always happy, building Castles in the Air.

His home a lowly Ploughman's Cot, yet strife there ne'er was seen,
So happy and contented had he lived wi' his Jean;
Beside the bank o' Bonny Doon, near to the town o'Ayr,
The immortal Bobby Burns, built Castles in the Air.

The Irish had their poet, too, they loved him well I'm sure.
He was a true born Irishman, his name was Thomas Moore;
Of this world's sorrows we know he had his share,
Yet Moore was always happy, building Castles in the Air.

He sang the rights of Ireland, he sang against her wrongs,
And many loving Irish hearts, will cherish yet his songs;
He made the Irish heart rejoice, he bade them ne'er despair,
And for Ireland in the future, Built bright Castles in the Air.

RED RIDING HOOD

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap,
The wind that through the pine trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by,
The hawk's gray feck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
Erect, alert, his thick gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse;
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jays!
What is that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She shivered down the wintry lawn.
Now struggling through the misty vail
Blows round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.
She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke;
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak—
Come, black old crow—come, poor blue-jay,
Before your supper is blown away!
Don't be afraid; we all are good;
And I'm mamma's Red Riding Hood!"

O Thou whose care is over all,
Who heedest e'en the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest!
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as now,
Nor harder with her polish grow!
Unmoved by sentimental grief
That wails along some printed leaf,
But prompt with kindly word and deed
To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman's self make good
The promise of Red Riding Hood!

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

(By Elizabeth Akers Allen.)

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years,
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed, and faded our faces between!
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er the heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet vision of yore;
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

ANSWER TO ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Author Unknown.

Yes, darling one, I will rock thee to sleep;
Stay not to murmur nor sadly to weep.
Smile, though thy pathway be rugged and cold,
Soon shall I greet thee in Heaven's sweet fold;
Cease thy repining, for trouble must come,
Where'er on earth, thou shall find thee a home;
Over life's desert the shadows will creep,
In realms of joy I will rock thee to sleep.

No love like that of thy mother thou'lt find,
No hand to guide thee, no ties that will bind,
No eyes to watch thee, and no heart to love,
As love the angels in mansions above;
Still doth my heart sweetly roam to my child,
When tempest comes, and when life's night is wild,
Over my darling my fond watch I'll keep,
In realms of joy I will rock thee to sleep.

Soon wilt thou cross the dark river of death,
E're long thou'lt feel the great Reaper's cold breath;
Angels shall bear thee from life's cheerless shore,
To realms where beauty shall fade never more.
Sweet songs shall greet thee, bright forms appear;
Never more care and grief's shadows thou'lt fear,
But where dwells happiness lasting and deep,
Gladly, my loved one, I'll rock thee to sleep.

POEMS REQUESTED

Two others wanted are: Misery's Pear Tree, by Josephine Pollard, and Ye Men of Good Will, by Hezekiah Butterworth.

The Factory Girl's Last Day is one of the poems wanted. It contains this line: It seemed as she grew weaker the threads the oftener broke.

This line is a clue to a requested poem: "I wonder why, when people call."

Children's Letters

Springtime—The first thing in spring is the thawing of the snow, then the flowers come. The May flowers, with their white blossoms, the violets, blue; the trailing arbutus, pink; the adder tongues, yellow; the lilies, white and red. These are wild flowers that grow in the woods and fields. Then the leaves of the trees come. The maple, ash, beech and birch. The blossoms of the hard maple are white and those of the soft, are red. Then the fruit trees begin to blossom—the apples, the pear and the peach and cherry. Now the blossoms fall and the little fruits come. Now is the time to put in the crops. Farmers are in the fields planting corn, potatoes, and making the garden. —Esther Ruland, Pennsylvania.

Dear Old Blade—I will try to write my first letter to the paper. I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school. I have two sisters and one brother. I have two pets. One is a kitty whose name is Bursty, and I have a dog whose name is Curly. We raise alfalfa here. We get four crops of it. I like to read the songs in the paper. If this letter escapes the waste basket I will write again. Yours truly,—Pearl Hiddleson, Nebraska.

Dear Toledo Blade—I enjoy reading the letters in The Blade so much that I thought I would write one myself. I am 11 years old and live in a small town in Ohio with my mamma, papa and brother George, who is four years older than I.

I go to school and to Sunday school. My teacher's name is Harry Carle. I have no pets, but I have plenty of little girls to play with. I have no nickname, so I will sign what everybody calls me, just plain,—Mary Garman, Ohio.

Dear Boys and Girls—I have been a reader of The Blade for only a short time, but I like to read the letters very much. I am a girl 11 years old and go to school a quarer of a mile. I have for pets a kitten and a cow. I have two sisters. We have a big Angora cat. I like to tend the little chickens. As this is my first letter I will close. Your friend,—Alma H. Lund, Vermont.

Dear Readers of The Blade—This is my first letter to The Blade. We live in Lincoln county, Colorado. We came here from Olney, Colorado, two years ago. It took two days to cross the plains, a distance of 40 miles. We stopped over night at the Mills ranch. It is owned by a cattle company. No one lived there but cowboys. There were hundreds of cattle on the plains. The largest wild game we saw were antelopes and coyotes. We live on a homestead. We raise corn, oats, potatoes, sorghum, pumpkins, squash and all kinds of garden truck. Good-bye,—Russell H. Robinson, Colorado.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Galena, Kans.—"A year ago last March I fell, and a few days after there was soreness in my right side. In a short time a bunch came and it bothered me so much at night I could not sleep. It kept growing larger and by fall it was as large as a hen's egg. I could not go to bed without a hot water bottle applied to that side. I had one of the best doctors in Kansas and he told my husband that I would have to be operated on as it was something like a tumor caused by a rupture. I wrote to you for advice and you told me not to get discouraged but to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did take it and soon the lump in my side broke and passed away."—Mrs. R. R. HUEY, 713 Mineral Ave., Galena, Kans.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

Fortune Telling

Does not take into consideration the one essential to woman's happiness—womanly health.

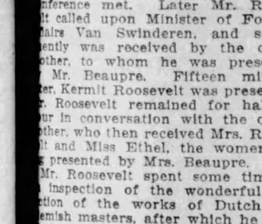
The woman who neglects her health is neglecting the very foundation of all good fortune. For without health love loses its lustre and gold is but dross.

Womanly health when lost or impaired may generally be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This Prescription has, for over 40 years, been curing delicate, weak, pain-wracked women, by the hundreds of thousands and this too in the privacy of their homes without their having to submit to indelicate questionings and offensively repugnant examinations.

Sick women are invited to consult us by letter, *free*. All correspondence held as sacredly confidential. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Great Family Doctor Book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—1000 pages, answers *in Plain English* hosts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know about. Sent *free* to any address on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of wrapping and mailing *only*, in French cloth binding.



Solid Gold Filled 5.95

20 Year Guarantee

It seems impossible but we mean just what we say. A genuine solid gold filled watch for $5.95. Both case and works fully guaranteed. Double hunting case, fancy engraved. Genuine full seven ruby jeweled Movements of Standard American make, quick train lever escapement, stem wind and set and fully guaranteed for 20 years. **SEEING IS BELIEVING.** Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address, and we will send the watch by express for examination. If satisfactory after examination pay express agent our bargain price $5.95 & express charges and it is yours. We furnish this watch in Gents 16 size or Ladies 6 size. State kind wanted, Gents or Ladies size. **FREE.** We send free with each watch Midse. Certificates worth $10. Certificates can be used at any time in purchase of goods from our catalog (total value of watch & certificates $25) all for $5.95. **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St. CHICAGO.**

GUEST OF DUTCH QUEEN

Fair Wilhelmina and Prince .... Consort Entertain ... Roosevelt. ....

The Hague, April 29.—The people of the Netherlands turned out today and welcomed the Roosevelts as though they were home folks. It was as though the former President was traveling through his own country. At every station on the rout from Roosendaal to Arnhem, cheering crowds were met with and everybody wanted a speech.

Occasionally Mr. Roosevelt responded, but in most instances he acknowledged the greetings only by appearing on the rear platform of the car and bowing, smiling and waving his hand. At Hertogenbosch he spoke briefly, and greatly pleased his auditors by saying: "I am visiting the country from which my people came three centuries ago."

The Roosevelts arrived at the frontier this morning, and were conveyed by special train sent by Queen Wilhelmina, to Arnhem, whence they were driven in automobiles to the royal chateau, the Queen's summer resident at Het Loo. Here they were entertained at luncheon by the Queen and Prince Henry. Several hours were passed at the castle. Tonight they will go to Amsterdam and be entertained at dinner by the burgomaster. Tomorrow they will visit this city.

The Roosevelts were met at Roosedaal by Baron Micheels van Der Duynen, one of the queen's chamberlains; American Minister Arthur M. Beaupre, and Paxton Hibben, secretary of the American legation. The baron, after presenting the compliments of Her Majesty to the Roosevelt, invited the party to occupy a special train, which carried them to Arnhem. At the latter place Baron Taets van Amerongen, another of the queen's chamberlains, was waiting with the royal automobiles, in which the guests were driven to the queen's country residence, Het Loo. The Roosevelts were accompanied by Major T. B. Mott, the military attache at Paris, and Lawrence Abbott. At the chateau they were joined by Mrs. Beaupre. The Roosevelts were presented to the queen by Minister Beaupre. The conversation that followed was informal.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaupre, and all of the American party, were the guests of Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry at the luncheon which followed. Mr. Roosevelt was seated beside the queen, with whom he conducted an animated conversation. No toasts were exchanged. The guests were later conveyed in carriages to Arnhem escorted by the grand marshal of the court and departed on a train at 3:30 o'clock for Amsterdam.

Had a Hearty Send-Off.

Brussels, April 29.—The Roosevelts left here this morning for Holland. At the railway station to bid them goodby were American Minister Charles Page Bryan and the others of the legation staff, American Consul General Watts, Burgomaster Max and personal representatives of King Albert and of the foreign office. Mr. Roosevelt in taking his leave expressed hearty thanks for the cordial reception which he received.

The press of Belgium with the exception of the ultra Catholic organs, which have reserved comment, is enthusiastic over Mr. Roosevelt, manifesting much pride in what he said about the future of the country. Mr. Roosevelt was told at the palace last night that the only picture in the private apartment of the late King Leopold, excepting those of the royal family was one of himself. During his stay in Brussels, the former President had a brief conversation with M. Renkin, minister of the colonies, concerning Belgian Congo.

PRESIDENT DENIES LETTER

Says He Has Not Had Pledges That Former Chief Will Not Be Candidate for Nomination in 1912.

Washington, May 2.—Has Colonel Roosevelt written to President Taft endorsing his administration and declaring he will not be a candidate for the Republican nomination in 1912?

The Washington Post today declares this to be a fact and further quotes Mr. Roosevelt as favoring his former private secretary, William Loeb, Jr., as candidate for governor of New York.

It was impossible to find in Washington today a single person who would admit having received from Mr. Roosevelt any communication on the subject of politics or of his own plans for the future. Those who are known to have been in intimate correspondence with the ex-President made little secret of their skepticism as to his having communicated on these subjects with anybody.

Pittsburg, May 2.—When President Taft was informed today of the story published in Washington as to letters said to have been received by him, and was asked if he had received any such communication from Mr. Roosevelt, he shook his head. "No," he added.

New York, May 2.—William Loeb, Jr., merely smiled when he was asked today about the letters Theodore Roosevelt is said to have written to President Taft, Senator Root and himself. He was unwilling to say anything for publication but he made it clear to his friends that he knew nothing of the letters, nor of any plans of Mr. Roosevelt involving his own political future. He expressed the opinion that he surely would have been consulted before any gubernatorial boom was started for him.

Washington, May 2.—Representative Nicholas Longworth, son-in-law of former President Roosevelt, today said he knew nothing about any letters being received in this country by anybody outlining Mr. Roosevelt's political views. "I think that about the time Mr. Roosevelt arrives back in this country, people will learn where he stands on these matters," said Mr. Longworth.

Washington, May 2.—The Post declares that the alleged letters have been written to President Taft, Secretary Root and Mr. Loeb. The Post's story is substantially as follows:

The colonel will not be a candidate to succeed Chauncey M. Depew in the senate, and much less would he desire any other office. It is said the former president will in no sense be a candidate for the presidency in 1912. On the contrary his letters are said to indicate that it his conviction that the re-election of President Taft is the Republican party's duty.

While Colonel Roosevelt believes that a fight within the party when it is confined to opinions of legislation, may be healthful, he does not favor a degree of insurgency that threatens to disrupt the party at the polls and will probably deliver some speeches in the congressional campaign in the west urging the return of Republicans to congress.

When Colonel Roosevelt speaks before the National Conservation Congress in St. Paul in September, it is said he will declare himself again for the policies for which he has always stood, but will insist that the work be pressed forward without making conservation a pivot for political expedients.

In a word former President Roosevelt before seeing Gifford Pinchot in Europe and after, expressed himself as convinced that President Taft has been working hard and conscientiously to carry out the policies which were started during the Roosevelt administraton and has given the Taft administration his whole approval.

STILL OPEN-MINDED SAYS TRIBUNE WRITER

John Callan O'Laughlin, the Chicago Tribune's correspondent, who was with the Roosevelts in Egypt and Europe, has returned and today wrote as follows to his paper:

"While Col. Theodore Roosevelt has declined to talk to anyone as to his attitude with respect to the Presidential nomination in 1912, I am convinced from everything he has said bearing upon politics that it is his earnest wish not to be a candidate for that honor.

"I saw all the letters he received from the time we boarded the Dal, the government steamer carrying him down the Nile, until I left him in Paris. I saw the responses which he made to these communications. Many of these letters related to politics. His correspondents gave him full details of the political situation in the United States and insisted he was the only man who could possibly save the Republican party from defeat.

"Mr. Roosevelt earnestly wishes not to be a candidate for the nomination. There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Roosevelt is keenly interested in the developments in connection with public affairs at home and is eager to ascertain for himself the exact character of the events which have occurred. The information he has received from his correspondents has been complete in detail and comes from sources in which he has confidence.

"At the same time he does not intend finally to make up his mind about many important public questions until he is on the ground and is able to reach a conclusion based upon personal inquiry and contract with various men interested in these matters in whom he has confidence and with whom undoubtedly he will talk after his arrival.

"As to general principles, Mr. Roosevelt's position has not changed in the slightest degree from what it was during his administration, and as he expressed himself thereon in various messages and other state papers. Time and time again he has referred in conversation to the various important reforms which he inaugurated, speaking in the same bold fashion that distinguished his utterances while he was in the White House."

Archbishop Attacks Roosevelt.

Lowell, Mass., May 2.—Theodore Roosevelt's action in not meeting Pope Pius X on the former president's recent visit to Rome was called insulting and a violation of Mr. Roosevelt's principle of a "square deal," by Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, archbishop of Boston, at a public meeting of the American Federation of American Catholic societies of the diocese, in this city Sunday. John Callan O'Laughlin, former assistant secretary of state, who conducted the negotiations between Mr. Roosevelt and the vatican, was severely castigated by the archbishop.

Arrives in Copenhagen.

Copenhagen, May 2.—Theodore Roosevelt and the other members of his party arrived at the Danish capital this afternoon from the Netherlands, by way of Kiel. The former chief executive of the United States was welcomed at the railroad station by Crown Prince Christian and the regent of the University of Copenhagen, and escorted by them to the Christian VII. palace, which has been assigned to Mr. Roosevelt and his family during their stay in Copenhagen.

The Danish crown price warmly greeted the ex-president, and drove with hi min an open carriage to the palace. A great crowd which had gathered in the streets through which the imperial carriages and their distinguished guests passed cheered heartily and waved their handkerchiefs or hats. Another royal carriage took Mrs. Roosevelt and Kermit and Ethel to thepalace.

COTTON KINGS DELUGED

Bull Campaign Is Given Severe Test When 200,000 Bales Are Poured on the Market. ....

New York, April 29.—This was "notice day" on the Cotton Exchange, and the financial world turned its attention to that commodity mart, to glean news of the settlement of the reported "corner" on May contracts in cotton. Shorts in cotton giving "notices" today will make their deliveries Monday, but the final outcome of the May deal will not be known until the end of May.

According to the estimates, shortly before noon, the bears in the cotton market at that time had issued notices for the delivery on Monday of 200,000 bales of cotton, on May contracts. This is more than double the amount of transactions on any previous day in the history of the New York Cotton Exchange, the record until today being 97,000 bales. Today's transactions represent a money value of approximately $15,000,000.

Excitement on Floor.

There was some excitement on the floor of the exchange, but it was seen early in the trading that the bulls were prepared to take cotton as fast as it was delivered, and after an initial upturn in May quotations the prices fell off.

Eugene N. Scales, one of the "big four," as the leaders in the bull movement are called, said that the bulls would turn over every bale of cotton delivered to the spinners.

"Not a bale will go to speculators," he said. "The gamblers will have to look out for themselves."

Cotton has been piling up for May delivery during the last 30 days, including 50,000 bales that were brought back from Liverpool, after they had been exported, at a loss, it is said, of $4 or $5 a bale. Large shipments were received from the south The notices issued today caused no further liquidation in May, suggesting that the bull leaders and the other interests remaining long of that month were fully prepared to accept delivery on all cotton tendered.

Will Be Shipped South.

It is said that in addition to the bull leaders, certain outside interests were taking cotton on contract. Important southern mill men arrived in New York last night to look after the details of taking up 10,000 bales, and it is reported that of the cotton accepted this morning, at least 40,000 bales will be shipped out as rapidly as possible to southern manufacturers.

It is also reported in trade circles that about 10,000 bales was to be shipped to Fall River. Private cables received here some time ago stated that the southern bull leaders had found an outlet on the continent for some of the cotton they had intended to take up in New York, but inquiry among ocean freight carriers showed no freight room has yet been engaged for such purpose.

Prominent interests in the trade estimate that by the end of May at least 300,000 bales of cotton, of a value of probably $22,000,000, will have changed hands in the New York market. There are those predict that if the bull leaders are able to find a ready demand for spinners for all the cotton taken during May, they will require delivery of fully as much more in July. They are already heavily long of July contracts, their interest in the aggegate being fully 450,000 bales.

Five Millions Needed.

It is estimated that not less than $5,000,000 will be required to finance the cotton delivery this morning, that amount representing the volume of money which the bulls must produce in addition to what the banks will loan to them on the cotton which now passes into their hands.

The first May notice had been looked forward to for more than a month as likely to prove a severe test of the bull campaign, but it is not regarded as a final test of the ability of the shorts to deliver cotton on all contracts held by the bull leaders. The interests short of May have until the end of that month to make good their contracts, but it is felt that any shorts now remaining must either be protected by cotton available for delivery here later in the month, or very strongly financed.

At the opening today, May contracts sold at $14.60, compared with $14.50 at the close yesterday. The quotation quickly advanced to $14.80 on covering by scattered shorts who found that the notices were being promptly stopped, and then reacted to $14.71 under realizing. The excitement which had attended the opening subsided somewhat when it was found that the bull leaders were prepared to delivery, as the scattering interests on both sides has been pretty well eliminated during the recent period of violent fluctuations.

Bull Leader Is Calm.

Mr. Scales, who, with James A. Patten, William P. Brown, and Frank B. Hayne, are leading the bull movement, was seated in his broker's office this morning, watching the ticker as calmly as though it was an ordinary day's work instead of the biggest transaction on record.

"We will take every bale of cotton offered for delivery," he said, "and every bale of it will go to the spinners. The speculators will get none. We will show the spinners that we are their friends. But we will have no mercy on the bears. The men who sell something they have not got are the ones who do the harm. If they haven't got the cotton to fill their contracts, they'll have to pay a good stiff price to settle wih us. The spinners will get the cotton at a reasonable price. Something more than 40,000 bales will be shipped south as soon as we get the cotton, and Europe will have a large amount."

Mr. Patten again said today that there was no corner in May cotton. He said he had plenty money to take all the cotton that is offered.

Kill Off the Crop Thieves and Poultry Pilferers

Gophers	Hawks	Wood Chucks
Weasels	Crows	Blue Jays
Rabbits	Skunks	Sparrows

a big family of farm pests. The four-footers outrun your dogs—the others laugh at your scarecrows.

But there's one thing they can't get away from and that is a bullet fired from a

VISIBLE LOADING REPEATING RIFLE

Made by the makers of the famous Stevens Favorite single shot rifle. More Stevens sold because they shoot straighter, carry farther and hit harder on account of the extreme care used in our system of accurate rifling.

If your dealer hasn't it we will send express prepaid on receipt of List Price $8.00. Ask for Number 70.

With this wonderfully accurate Rifle (which only weighs 4½ pounds) you can send a hail storm of lead into the boldest weasel or the craftiest fox that ever robbed a hen coop.

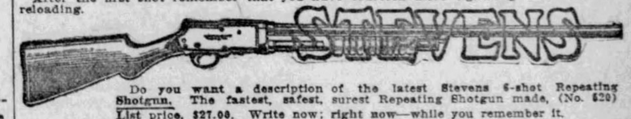
Two models: The **FIRST** takes fifteen .22 Short cartridges only. The **SECOND** takes any one of three cartridges—.22 short, .22 Long and .22 Long Rifle, but the greatest accuracy is obtained in this model by using only .22 Long Rifle cartridges.

You **SEE** the cartridge go into the chamber—you **KNOW** when the rifle is loaded. You don't have to **THINK** whether you have another shot or not! Each cartridge as it comes out of the magazine **SHOWS PLAINLY BEFORE IT PASSES ALONG INTO THE CHAMBER.**

We guarantee this Rifle to be the most accurate .22 Calibre Repeater in the world. Rifled in the Stevens Factory of Precision, which is celebrated for turning out the most accurate rifles in the world—the Visible Repeater is one of the very best of the celebrated Stevens family.

This Visible No. 70 is a man's gun for man's work, but it is light enough for your boy to use and is a splendid rifle to practice with. With this wonderfully exact gun you absolutely **KNOW** that the bullet will go **JUST WHERE** it is aimed. It isn't every gun that will shoot straight. The Visible will do **ITS** share of the hitting—it's up to you to do the **AIMING.**

After the first shot remember that you have fourteen more lightning shots without reloading.



Do you want a description of the latest Stevens 6-shot Repeating Shotgun. The fastest, safest, surest Repeating Shotgun made, (No. 620) List price, $27.00. Write now; right now—while you remember it.

Points for the Sharpshooter, Hunter & Trapshooter:

Write us and tell us what kind of shooting you are most interested in and we will write a letter of advice with many valuable pointers for the Hunter and Sharpshooter. We will give you short cuts to expert marksmanship, which will not only make you a better shot than you already are, but will cut down your ammunition bills as well.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY, Dept. 665, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The Factory of Precision.

List Price of Stevens Rifles:

Little Scout, No. 14 ..... $2.25	Favorite No. 17. (The only Boy's Rifle used by Men) $6.00
Stevens-Maynard Jr. No. 15 ..... $3.00	Visible Loader, No. 70 ..... $8.00
Crack Shot No. 16, ... $4.00 (For Young Shooters. Accurate and made for real work.)	Ideal Rifle, No. 44 (Man's heavy Single Shot Rifle.) $10.00

George Ade on the Associated Press

GEORGE Ade was among the speakers at the joint banquet in New York last night of The Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, delivering a brief address on "Helping the Editor." Mr. Ade said:

"The A. P. is a great institution. Around a newspaper office we always felt easy in our minds if we knew that the A. P. was on the job. My out-of-town assignment was usually given to me in the following words: Send in a good story—the A. P. will cover the facts.

"I respect the A. P. because it has nothing to do with the Sunday supplement. The A. P. never sent in a heavy editorial at 10 p. m. and marked it 'must.' It never ordered pictures to go with the stuff and it never came around the next day to inquire why it had not been played up. The A. P. bears the same relation to the modern American newspaper that the solid business man does to the modern American family. It stands in the background, provides the wherewithal, keeps out of the spotlight, takes all of the blame and gets mighty little glory, respected but not featured on the front page. When there is a grand jubilee, father and the A. P. are behind the potted palms with the orchestra checking up the expenses.

"I am glad to be here for several reasons. Now that you may have forgotten what you paid for it, I am willing to meet the gentlemen who bought my merchandise. I sold you an assortment of capital letters and a job lot of Chicago vernacular, and you thought you were getting a new brand of humor. Very often I would weaken when it came time to sign the vouchers. Then I would read some of the other syndicate stuff and take courage.

"Every man who has not tried it thinks that he can edict a newspaper, write a comic opera and manage a hotel. I still believe that I know a lot about the hotel business.

"When I went to Chicago to help Victor F. Lawson uplift a community that did not want to be uplifted, I noticed every day, in going to the roof-garden, a large and well-lighted apartment in which a number of nobby gentlement were seated at roll-top desks talking about circulation. Most of them were smoking and the more they smoked, the more enthusiastic they became about the circulation. I learned that these aristocrats of our profession were what is known as the business end of the paper. About the time we began to diagram the daily murder they would put on their topcoats and dog-skin gloves and saunter over to the Auditorium hotel. In those days if a young man from somewhere out in the corn-belt came to the office and applied for a job he was asked if he had attended a first-class western college. If he replied 'yes' and could produce a letter from the professor of English showing that he had written articles for the college paper, he was put into the editorial department at $15 a week. If he could prove absolutely that he had not attended any college, he was assigned to the business department at $40 a week.

"I learned upon investigation that I had made a mistake in taking up the literary end of the game so I resolved to go in for advertising. Therefore I became an author and a playwright. After ten years in the rarefied atmosphere of dramatic art as practiced today at two dollars a seat or four dollars on the sidewalk, I feel that I am peculiarly qualified to discuss American newspapers. I can proceed with safety because if I say anything uncomplimentary, I have a scrap book to prove that they began it.

"Everybody wants to help the editor; not as regards cheaper wood-pulp or keeping down the pay-roll, but with suggestions for filling up the paper. Most people still believe that every newspaper must hustle every night to get enough copy to separate the advertisements. Being a post-graduate I know that you are compelled to throw columns and columns of stuff on the floor. Very often, in glancing over a long tariff editorial I wonder what was thrown on the floor—however, I am not here to upset any traditions—merely to offer a few helpful hints.

"In the first place the city newspaper of today as compared with the Indiana newspaper of the seventies is tame, invertebrate, colorless and apologetic. The first newspaper with which I was associated came out every Thursday from a room over the hardware store. The fires of civil war were still smoldering. Indiana's chief occupation was politics. Nearly every man was voting as he shot, and some of them a good deal oftener. Our office equipment consisted of a Washington handpress, a foot-power job press a perennial towel and a few fonts of type—mostly italics. Ah, but we had an editor! Those were the palmy days of journalism of which we hear so much at present. No taint of commercialism, no subservience to the counting-room (because there wasn't any counting-room) no cog wheels or card indexes—simply a majestic figurehead of an editor who was animated by a high and patriotic resolve to promote manslaughter as often as possible. When he opened up on a man, the man's only escape was to walk outside of our circulation which he could do in about ten minutes.

"If you hear a man raving about the golden age of American journalism when each editor exercised an individual influence and led the way through the darkness with a flaming torch above his head—let it go at that. Don't take the trouble to examine the files of that wonderful period or you may be discouraged over your present efforts. I plead for a return of those heroic days when every editorial was a trumpet blast and every paragraph was a firecracker. We used to go to press at 2 o'clock, and by 4 o'clock the whole population would be on the streets waiting for the sounds of assault and battery. The old-time editor, the one we all read about, who stamped his individuality on every issue of his paper and did not bother about the press-work, do you remember what the editor called a man if he didn't care much for him? He didn't call him a molly-coddle or an insurgent or a malefactor or an undesirable. He said that the man was a poltroon, a hell-hound, a pusillanimous liar, and unmitigated horse-thief, a jackal, a marplot, a caitiff, a reptile, a viper, a cur and a whelp. Here are a lot of valuable and expressive words that are gradually being eliminated from our vocabulary because the editors of today, steeped in commercialism, have abandoned the methods of Wilbur F. Storey and accepted the leadership of Edward W. Bok.

"Also, the newspapers of today are criticized because they are kind to the big advertiser. I think newspapers are somewhat under the domination of the big advertiser. In fact the big advertiser has got them so worked up that many of them want to run him for a third term.

"I read not long ago that down in Brown county, Indiana, the front room of the county poor-house—a large, cheerful apartment with southern exposure and plants in the windows—is occupied by a man who for many years conducted a newspaper that pleased everybody. On the other hand it's hard to be successful without disappointing some of your best friends. So if you can't please all your critics, do the next best thing and please your subscribers."

TO FORTIFY PANAMA CANAL

Washington, April 29.—The treasury department today sent to congress an estimate for the fortification of the Panama canal aggregating $14,104,203, and an appropriation of $4,000,000 was asked for the beginning of the work. Acting Secretary Hilles said in his communication that the Atlantic and Pacific terminals of the canal could be completed within three and one-half years if appropriations were made in accordance with estimates.

CALLS ROOSEVELT 'INSURGENT'

Bryan Confident Traveler Will Join Radical Wing.

Lincoln, Neb., April 29.—W. J. Bryan, in speculating on the course to be followed by Theodore Roosevelt when he returns to the United States, has reached the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt will join with the insurgent wing of the Republican party. Discussing the matter in the forthcoming issue of his Commoner, Mr. Bryan says:

"It is always unsafe to guess what former President Roosevelt will do at any future time or under any set of circumstances, the law for each day being announced that day, and sometimes late in the afternoon. But there are certain signs which, in the case of most men, would indicate that Mr. Roosevelt will return more of an insurgent than a standpatter.

"First, the Outlook, after its representative had met Mr. Roosevelt at Khartum, contained two significant editorials, one praising young Garfield, an insurgent, the other weighing the Taft adminstration and severely criticising certain phases of it.

"Second, he received Pinchot cordially and accepted his invitation to speak at the conservation convention.

"Third, the stenographer to whom he dictated 55 letters gained the impression that he would make things interesting on his return.

"Fourth, Senator Root goes to Europe to meet him after a long conference with President Taft.

"Fifth, so far as is known he is not in correspondence with the President whom he nominated and elected."

England's First Roller Rink.

London Chronicle.

When did the roller skating rink first appear in England, There is a boom in rinking today, and we know that the Londoner of the late seventies was enthusiastic over the same amusement. but how much earlier than that can the rink date? London, at any rate, seems to have possessed a rink over three-quarters of a century ago, for in 1823 mention can be found of the invention of a skate "for rendering the amusement independent of frost," which was being "practically exhibited at the old tennis courtin Windmill street."

...NG YANKEE DOODLE

...utch Cadets Pay Honor to Roosevelt.

The Hague, April 30.—Mr. Roose- ...t was awakened this morning by ...e singing of Holland's national hymn ... bands of cadets who passed ...rough the square overlooking which ...e the apartments of the American ...ty. The singers were acclaiming ...e birthday of the little Princess ...liana Louise Emma Marie Wil- ...mina. The royal baby is one year ... today, and the capital made a ...liday of the anniversary.

For some moments the Roosevelts ...m the windows of their rooms ...tched the scene as the students ...raded and groups of gaily be- ...shed school children on their way ...out-of-town picnics trooped by. Oc- ...sionally the students substituted the ...e of Yankee Doodle for the na- ...nal anthem, but they did not at- ...mpt the words of the American ...g.

Hundreds of people waited patient- ...in the vicinity of the Roosevelt ...artments to catch a glimpse of the ...erican in whom they feel a sense ... possession, as he has proclaimed ...mself as of their race. Every man, ...oman and child in the throng wore ...daisy, the name flower of Juliana, ...d when Mr. Roosevelt appeared ...aring a daisy on his coat, the Hol- ...ders fairly went wild with delight. ...e flowers are sold in the streets by ...ung ladies, the proceeds going to ...blic charities.

This morning the Roosevelts, with ...merican Minister Beaupre, Mrs. ...aupre, J. J. Lodon, Minister of the ...therlands at Washington, Major ...tt and Paxton Hibben drove to ...e royal villa where the first peace ...nference met. Later Mr. Roose- ...lt called upon Minister of Foreign ...airs Van Swinderen, and subse- ...ently was received by the queen ...other, to whom he was presented ... Mr. Beaupre. Fifteen minutes ...er, Kermit Roosevelt was presented. ...r. Roosevelt remained for half an ...ur in conversation with the queen ...other, who then received Mrs. Roose- ...lt and Miss Ethel, the women be- ...g presented by Mrs. Beaupre.

Mr. Roosevelt spent some time in ... inspection of the wonderful col- ...tion of the works of Dutch and ...emish masters, after which he join- ...the others at a luncheon tendered ... Minister Van Swinderen and his ...fe.

...AS LOUDLY ACCLAIMED IN BELGIUM'S CAPITAL

Brussels, April 29.—Ex-President ...osevelt met King Albert, of Bel- ...um yesterday and they exchanged ...rdial greetings, later driving to- gether from the Brussels exposition to Laaken palace and spending an hour in the gardens.

After luncheon at the American embassy and a reception for the American colony, Colonel Roosevelt visited the exposiiton, and his appearance there was marked by a double demonstration for himself and the king. His passage down the broad avenue Louise, where there was a liberal display of American flags, was accompanied by continual cheers.

The Salles des Fetes, where the ex-president spoke, was packed to the doors, and several thousand persons were unable to gain admission. While Colonel Roosevelt waited in the reception room in the rear of the stage, the young king arrived by the side entrance. He was attired in the fatigue uniform of a colonel of the guards, the crack Belgian regiment. He was accompanied by a single aide.

The king strode forward and no introductions were necessary, as they had met in America, when the king was a crown prince. After a warm handshake they talked for several minutes in low tones, the king's tall figure towering head and shoulders above the ex-president. He told Mr. Roosevelt how glad he was to welcome him to Belgium. While they talked the others fell back.

King Albert then, with a profound bow, retired and entered the hall, taking his place on a gilded red cushioned chair immediately below the front of the stage. The crowd applauded heartily as the king entered, but the outburst was mild compared with the roar which greeted Mr. Roosevelt a moment later.

After a flattering introduction by M. Wiart, president of the exposition, Mr. Roosevelt spoke for about 20 minutes. He touched upon the duties of citizenship, praised the Belgian people and closed with highly complimentary references to King Albert.

A dinner was given last evening by the king, but as the court is still in semi-mourning, the ladies wore black gowns. The ex-president sat beside the queen, while Mrs. Roosevelt occupied the chair next the king. The others present included the members of the royal family, the cabinet ministers and high officials attached to the king's military and civil household, a few memebrs of the Belgian nobility, the American minister, Charles Page Bryan, and several eminent scholars.

$20.00 Up. Catalogue FREE.

$45.00

$20.00 Up. Cash or Credit.

AGENTS WANTED

We want men who are not actively engaged in business to act as our agents. We pay liberal cash commissions. Write for our catalogue and full particulars.

ON CREDIT

Buggies
Only $10. Cash.
Balance $5 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

Surreys
Only $25. Cash.
Balance $7 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

Farm Wagons
Only $15. Cash.
Balance $5 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

We trust honest people located in all parts of the world. Cash or easy monthly payments. Write for our free catalogue.

CENTURY MFG. CO., Dept. 797 East St. Louis, Ills.

WANTED AGENTS-SALESMEN-MANAGERS WANTED

STARTLING OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MONEY FAST AT HOME OR TRAVELING---ALL OR SPARE TIME

Experience not necessary. Honesty and willingness to work is all we ask. We will give you an appointment worth **$50 to $75 every week.** You can be independent. Always have money in abundance and pleasant position selling **greatest labor saving household invention brought forth in fifty years. LISTEN:**—One man's orders **$2,650.00 one month,** profit $1,850.00. Sylvester Baker, of Pa., **a boy of 14** made $9.00 in 2½ hours. C. C. Tanner, Ia., **80 years old,** averages five sales to seven calls. See what a wonderful opportunity. **Room for YOU,** no matter what your age or experience, or where you are located—if you are square and will act quick. But don't delay—territory is going fast. Read what others are doing and be influenced by their success. **WORK FOR US AND GET RICH.**

"I do not see how a better seller could be manufactured," writes Parker J. Townsend, Minn. **"Called at twenty homes, made nineteen sales"**—E. A. Martin, Mich. "Most simple, practical, necessary household article I have ever seen," says E. W. Melvin, San Francisco. **"Took six dozen orders in four days"**—W. R. Hill, Ill. "Went out first morning, took sixteen orders,"—N. H. Torrence, New York. **"Started out 10 a. m., sold thirty-five by 4 o'clock,"** J. R. Thomas, Colo. **"Sold 131 in two days."**—G. W. Handy, New York. "I have sold goods for years but frankly, I have never had a seller like this,"—W. P. Spangenberg, N. J. **"Canvassed eleven families, took eleven orders,"**—E. Randall, Minn. **"SOLD EIGHTEEN FIRST 4½ HOURS."** Will start one man working for me today, another Saturday,"—Elmer Menn, Wis.

These words are real—they are honest. Every order was delivered, accepted and the money paid in cash. Every letter is right here in our office and we will give the full postoffice address of any man or woman we have named if you doubt. This is a big, reliable, manufacturing company incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio, and every statement we make is **absolutely sincere and true.**

YOU CAN MAKE THIS MONEY. You can make

$3000 IN 3 MONTHS

selling this great invention—**The Easy Wringer Mop**—the biggest money maker of the age. Think of it—**A self-wringing Mop.** No putting hands into the dirty water. No aching backs. No stooping against woodwork. No soiled clothes. No contracting deadly disease from touching hands to filth and germs that come in contact. Can use scalding water containing strong lye. **Two turns of crank wrings out every drop of water.** Makes housekeeping a pleasure—makes the day happy. Simple, practical, reliable, it lasts for years. Every woman is interested—and buys. **No talking necessary—it sells itself.** Simply show it and take the order. **Could you imagine an easier, quicker, better way to make money than supplying this demand already created.**

We want more **agents, salesmen, managers,** to fill orders, appoint, supply, control sub-agents. **150 percent profit.** No investment required. We own patents and give you exclusive territory, protection, co-operation, assistance. You can't fail because you risk nothing. **HUNDREDS ARE GETTING RICH.** Act quick. Write for your county today. **WE WANT A THOUSAND MEN AND WOMEN.** We are giving appointments every day to men and women who are ambitious and honest to manage our business in their territory. This is indeed a remarkable offer—the chance of a lifetime.

SEND NO MONEY: Only your name and address on a postal card for information, offer and valuable booklet **FREE.** Write your name and address clearly, giving name of county. Address Tomorrow belongs to the one behind—**the opportunity is open TODAY.**

THE U. S. MOP COMPANY, 950 MAIN ST., LEIPSIC, OHIO.

Turn Crank to Wring **The New Easy Wringer Mop**

New Low Priced Household Article.

The above cut shows mop wrung up dry, and pictures the good, strong substantial material used throughout. When mop is raised from floor it automatically straightens out ready for wringing.

This smaller picture shows mop on floor. It spreads out and is held down to floor at all points.

...ING ACCEPTS DOUBLE

...ing Alfonso Will Be Godfather to Two Royal Babies.

London, April 29.—King Alfonso of Spain has accepted the invitation to be godfather to the two royal babies, the son of the duke of Connaught and the daughter of the duke of Fife, who will be christened on the same day.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Marriage licenses were issued today to Frank Hoffman, 21, and Ethel Hoffman, 19, both of Toledo; Ralph Hoffman, 21, Toledo, and Ethel Hoffman, 19,

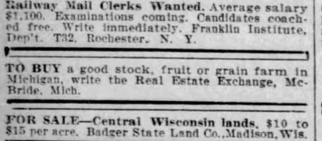
DEAFNESS CURED

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 6459, Bank Building, Peoria Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

A HANDY TOOL

The PERFECTION WRENCH



The Perfection Wrench, the most useful tool made. It is all steel—capable of instantaneous adjustment—holds like a vise—has positive grip—never slips or mars—is always ready to use. Unquestionably the handiest tool around the factory, house, workshop or garage—can be used as tool-holder, vise, clamp, pliers, pipe or monkey wrench, instantly, without change of parts, you need it for your automobile.

The Perfection Wrench is made in three sizes, 8-10-12 inch, polished steel and gun-metal finish. Ask your dealer for the "Perfection," or send prepaid to secure address in the United States on receipt of the price.

Sizes: 8-in. $2; 10-in. $2.50; 12 in. $3.50; 12-in. (with forcing pawl attachment) $4.00.

Nickel finish fifty cents extra, each size.

Send $2.00 today for small size "Perfection." Money returned after three days' use, if dissatisfied.

For booklet, discounts to trades, etc., address **PERFECTION WRENCH CO., 82 Main St., Port Chester, N.Y.** N.Y. City salesroom, 1580 Broadway (near Forty-seventh street).

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address, **H. F. MOSER,** 201 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

WHY REMAIN where the climatic conditions are so much against you, when you can purchase the richest land at lowest prices, in the county of Manatee, on which you can raise abundant fruit and vegetable crops the entire year? A ten-acre farm here will net you as much as a hundred acres in the northern states. Delightful climate, no droughts, convenient to markets, abundant labor, good schools. Goods shipped from Florida are sold at the highest prices in the northern markets. Locate in the land of Manatee, establish a fruit and vegetable farm and become independent. Booklet and full information upon request. Write to W. White, Gen'l Inds. Agt., S. A. L. Railway, Norfolk, Va.

FREE—Fortune can be told from childhood up—cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2-cent stamps and birth-date gets free reading. Can astonish you. **Madame Irene,** 115 Second street, Kewanee, Illinois.

Railway Mail Clerks Wanted. Average salary $1,100. Examinations coming. Candidates coached free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T32, Rochester, N. Y.

TO BUY a good stock, fruit or grain farm in Michigan, write the Real Estate Exchange, McBride, Mich.

FOR SALE—Central Wisconsin lands, $10 to $15 per acre. Badger State Land Co., Madison, Wis.

25 Eastern Shore Maryland Farms. Soil and climate fine. Thos. F. Cox, Federalsburg, Md.

BALLINGER HANGS ON

Won't Quit Under Fire, He Says.

Washington, May 3.—"If I were disposed to consider the question of resignation I would not do so as long as these vicious and unwarranted attacks continue against me," said Secretary of the Interior Ballinger yesterday in denying the renewed rumor that he contemplated retiring from President Taft's cabinet soon after the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation is concluded. The secretary emphatically denied that he was considering the question at all. "I have no intention of resigning," he emphatically declared.

An effort was initiated in the house yesterday to compel Attorney General Wickersham to make public the documents and other information bearing on the preparation of the summary of the Glavis charges, for which Attorney Brandeis, counsel for L. R. Glavis, sought unsuccessfully through the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee.

Representative Burton Harrison (Democrat, of New York), introduced the resolution, which was referred to the rules committee.

The Republican majority of the investigating committee twice rejected Mr. Brandeis' request in spite of the protest of the Democratic members, supported by Representative Madison, the "insurgent" Republican member. This action was taken on the ground that the committee had no power to draw the attorney general into the inquiry.

Mr. Brandeis contends that if the information sought is obtained it will show that the summary was prepared in December last and dated September 11, with the purpose of justifying the President's dismissal of Glavis and of making it appear that the latter's action was based on that summary.

KITCHENER GETS HIS BATON

General Now a Full-Fledged Field Marshal.

London, April 29.—King Edward handed Lord Kitchener the baton of field marshal, at an audience at Buckingham palace yesterday. In the house of commons Richard Burdon Haldane, secretary of state for war, stated that it was proposed that Kitchener should shortly commence his dutes as field marshal and commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean, with headquarters at Malta.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine. I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

LONDON HONORS PEARY

Big Crowd in Street Cheer Him.

London, May 3.—London is making much of Commander Robert E. Peary. Interest in his visit is not confined to scientific circles, but is general. Today a great crowd in the streets adjacent to the home of the Royal society, where he was entertained at luncheon, awaited the arrival of the American explorer and gave him a hearty reception. Entering the club house, he was received with a noisy demonstration of welcome by the distinguished party of scientists and explorers. When a few moments later Captain Robert Bartlett, commander of the Arctic steamer Roosevelt, arrived, the applause was renewed.

Lord Halsbury, president of the club, presided, with Commander Peary seated at his right. Captain Scott, the leader of the British Antarctic expedition, was at the head of the lower table, with Captain Bartlett at the place of honor. Sir George Nares, one of the oldest surviving Arctic explorers, was among the notable guests, others being Lord Strathcona, high commissioner of Canada; Lord Roberts, Sir George Reid, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Hiram Maxim, Dr. Scott Keltie, secretary of the Royal Geographical society, many explorers, travelers and naval officers. The American embassy was represented by Secretary William Phillips, and Commander Edward Simpson, naval attache. American Consul General Griffiths also was present.

Toasts to King Edward, President Taft and Commander Peary were drunk. The speakers, in addition to Lord Halsbury and Commander Peary, included Major Leonard Darwin, president of the Royal Geographical society; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Robert Von Herkomer, the artist.

SENATE CONFIRMS HUGHES

Action Is Taken Immediately After Report Is Made.

Washington, May 3.—To Gov. Hughes yesterday was awarded the compliment of confirmation by the senate for the high office of justice of the supreme court immediately after his nomination had been reported from the committee on the judiciary.

The nomination was acted upon by the committee during the forenoon and, to Senator Crawford, of that committee, was assigned the duty of presenting the report to the senate. When the request for immediate action was made not a voice was raised against such a course or against confirmation, although it is the usual custom to have the nomination go over for a day.

The action of the senate completes the appointment of Gov. Hughes to the supreme court bench and all that is necessary to enable him to take his seat there is the taking of the oath of office.

FLIES IN RAIN AND HAIL

St. Louis Aeronaut Lands in Creek at Night.

St. Louis, May 3.—After a specatcular fight of 206 miles, in which his balloon was soaked with rain and beaten by hail, William F. Assmann, amateur aeronaut of St. Louis, landed two and a half miles north of Macomb, Ill., exactly four hours after his ascension.

By the aid of lightning flashes, he accomplished one of the most difficult feats known to balloonists—making a landing at night without personal injury. He landed in a creek and narrowly escaped death.

This was Assman's fifth flight. He made it partly to qualify himself for a pilot's license and partly with a view of anticipating the attempt of Prof. David Todd, of Amherst college, to view Halley's comet from a balloon. In this he failed.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF

New York, May 4.—A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, Suite 290, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a Trial Treatment.

OPTIONISTS CARRY ALABAMA

Liberal Candidate Wins Over State-Wide Prohibition Man.

Montgomery, Ala., May 3.—Local option won over statewide prohibition in the Democratic state primary election yesterday. Emmett A. O'Neal, of Florence, advocate of local option, and E. P. Thomas, of Eufala, are nominated for governor and lieutenant governor, respectively, and John H. Bankhead for the United States senate.

O'Neal's majority over H. S. D. Mallory, of Selma, will not run lower than 20,000. Mallory, for years chairman of the state committee, made his campaign on the platform of a continuance of the statewide prohibition policy. O'Neal is willing to give the statewide law a fair test, but asserts that if the legislature, fresh from the people, stands for local option or some modified form of the liquor traffic, the state administration should fall in line accordingly.

HALE'S SON WHIPS EDITOR

Candidate for Congress Avenges Attack on Mother.

Portland, Me., May 3.—A horse-whipping was administered by Col. Frederick Hale, son of United States Senator Eugene Hale, and a leading candidate for congress from the first Maine district, to Charles Thornton Libby, publisher of several weekly papers, at the latter's office yesterday. The cause of the assault was an article published in the Six Towns Times, in which Col. Hale's mother was attacked. After Col. Hale left the office Editor Libby said:

"I let him better than I did before. It was a manly thing to do. A man who wouldn't stand up for his mother don't amount to much."

SOME ROYAL HOBBIES

King Edward as a Collector—Queen Alexandra's Books.

Woman at Home.

The king, as everybody knows, has a weakness for walking sticks, but another collection in his majesty's possession will have a unique interest in the future.

This consists of relics gathered together from every war in which British soldiers have fought since the early days of Queen Victoria. The king has also a qualnt assortment of the programs of every opera, play and concert which he has attended since he came to years of discretion. One would imagine this to be a bulky collection.

Queen Alexandra collects many things—lace, china, crystals and tiny objects made in precious stones; but her greatest treasure is a collection of books, most of which came to her by inheritance. When Princess of Wales she received the Mitchell bequest, that took the form of a choice collection of books valued at £10,000.

And afterward the late Sir William Fraser bequeathed to her majesty a splendid collection of books, papers and pictures which dealt with the subject of women's dress during the last century. The queen has also a vast number of volumes of modern literature.

No More Wrinkles

New Discovery Makes Beauty in a Night

After beauty doctors, facial massage and cold creams had failed, I took out my own wrinkles by a simple home treatment of my own discovery, which brought back my beauty and the freshness of youth. Doctors say "It is the only treatment in the world that will actually remove wrinkles and make old faces look young and beautiful." Many of my friends look twenty years younger since trying my treatment. I will send further particulars to anyone interested in my discovery, absolutely free. Address Della Ellison, 1338 Burr building, Scranton, Pa.

NO HOPE FOR MERGER

Taft Learns Railroad Bill Will Be Amended by Insurgents.

Washington, May 3.—Efforts to put through the administration bill in its original form appears to be a complete failure. Insurgent Republicans and Democrats in combination seem certain to be able to make the amendment favored by the "progressives" of the western states.

At the close of a protracted conference of leading regular Republican senators last night it was apparent that the revolt of the insurgents had been virtually successful and that the sections of the bill relative to traffic agreements and merger, which Senator Cummins and other insurgents have been fighting to amend, will be abandoned.

Practically nothing distinctive of the original bill will remain save the sections providing for the creation of a court of commerce. Even that has had a perilous time in the house and nobody is prepared to guarantee that it will be enacted. In fact, the differences between the senate and house are so great that, in view of the radical action decided upon by senate leaders, it would surprise nobody if the entire bill should fail in conference.

Despairing of putting the bill through the senate in the form in which it was reported from the committee on interstate commerce, the leaders in this conference decided to eliminate section 7, which the insurgents claim practically would have repealed the anti-trust law by permitting traffic agreements, and section 12, which would have legalized mergers in cases where one corporation owning already 50 per cent of another desired to control outright.

Upon the insurgents the administration will endeavor to place the responsibility for the failure of the Taft railroad legislation. To Senator Aldrich over the telephone Mr. Taft is said to have expressed himself emphatically to this effect:

That he had initiated the pending measure and had advocated it throughout the country in the form in which it was reported to the senate, and that if a combination of insurgent Republicans and Democrats rendered it impossible for the majority to enact the bill, then he felt that the administration should be relieved of responsibility for its defeat. He rested the entire matter in the hands of Senator Aldrich and his Republican associates, then in conference. They were Senators Elkins, Carter, Kean, Crane, Root, Curtis, Flint, Brandegee, Lodge, and from time to time others of the Republican leaders.

Several senators, asked to what they attributed their failure to get enough votes to adopt the Elkins-Crawford amendment, were almost unanimous in the expression that it could be charged directly to the fear that if rates were raised by the railroads the people would say the repeal of the Sherman anti-trust law in its application to railroads was responsible. Unquestionably the possible political effect of the adoption of that section frightened away some of the early supporters of the provision.

SEEK PLAGUE CAUSE

Milk and Meat Supplies Are Studied.

Washington, May 3.—Whether tuberculosis is caused by milk or meat, infected from bovine sources, and what may be the best employment for tubercular patients, were the chief subjects discussed today at the session of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, now holding its sixth annual convention in this city. Discussion on the former topic was started by Dr. William H. Park, of New York, and on the latter by Dr. A. M. Forster, of Louisville, Ky. Dr. Park held that pulmonary tuberculosis among adults is not the result of impure milk or foods.

Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf, of New York, attacked the Nebraska law, which requires indigent consumptives to submit to the serum treatment, and also the action of the Oklahoma state board of medical examiners, which forbids any physician to practice in the state if he is suffering or has suffered in the past from tuberculosis.

The eighth triennial convention of the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons also opens a three days' session here today. The congress is composed of standard societies of specialists in different branches of medicine and surgery in all parts of the country. Officers of the congress are Dr. Edward L. Tradeu, president; William H. Carmalt, secretary, and Newton M. Shaffer, treasurer. The convention is attended by nearly 1,000 delegates, many of them accompanied by their wives and families.

One of the most important topics to be discussed is infantile paralysis, which is to be taken up at a symposium of the Orthopedic and Pediatric societies' lectures. This disease is recognized as one of the most baffling to the medical specialists. Among the speakers on this subject will be Prof. Lange, of Munich, and Dr. Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute.

GARY SALOONS OPEN AGAIN

Gary, Ind., May 3.—Licenses for 138 Gary saloons were granted by the Lake county commissioners yesterday in pursuance to a local option election that voted for saloons, previously shut out by remonstrative petitions. Gary has been "dry" for more than a year. All of the saloons opened for business today.

GIVES HAND TO FARMERS

Gompers Anxious to Have Tillers of the Soil Unionized.

St. Louis, Mo., May 3.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, in an address before the joint convention of Farmers' unions last night denied the report that he came to organize a new political party, but declared that, "when organized industrial workers and organized farmers will stand shoulder to shoulder in fighting for equality and justice, then will come a new dispensation and a new order of things.

"The unrest throughout the country is not a protest of poverty and misery," he said, "but it is the protest of intelligent and progressive men and women. That there are poverty and misery is undeniable. We need not go far to find a myriad of men and women begging and pleading for work in spite of our boasted prosperity. Idle men and busy children are a sufficient indictment of our present day conditions.

"The high cost of living, laid at the door of the farmer and wage earner by our opponents, is due to other causes entirely. Our opponents want to pray for us five minutes a week, and prey upon us the rest of the week.

"The growing together of organized labor and farmers means the end of the battle between dollars and humanity and the end of the struggle of ages to face the industrial worker from being bound to the soil. On the horizon can be seen the dawn of a new day, when shall be ushered in the real brotherhood of man.

"I don't mind opposition, whether it be the edict of a court unfairly administered, or the efforts of a corporation which would curb our manhood, or in the shape of greed, a village constable, or the highest executive officer of this country. Such opposition breeds in my every fibre a determination to stand with the rank and file of our people until the eternal day of justice.

"It is strange how anxious the courts are to give us rights we don't want and to take away those that are vital to our existence. You have before you now two victims of actions of the highest court of the land, myself and Frank Morrison.

"We will fight our battles together, the farmer and the laboring man, buying each other's products that bear the union label. I want to cement the unity between the wealth producers of the country so that in the battle for justice, peace and equality before the law, the farmer and the wage earner will be found shoulder to shoulder, determined that we shall hand down this republic untarnished to the myriads yet unborn."

TAFT WITH HOME FOLKS

Makes Speeches in Cincinnati and Unveils Monument to Musician.

Cincinnati, May 3.—A day devoted largely to renewing neighborly relations with the "home folk" was spent by President Taft here today. Except for a brief address at noon before the trustees of the Mercantile Library and another later before the Loyal Legion, the chief executive devoted himself to shaking hands and chatting with men and women with whom he had been on intimate terms of friendship for years.

With the President was Count Von Bernstoff, German ambassador at Washington, who accompanied the party from Pittsburg and was the guest of honor at several functions. The guest was met by his brother, C. P. Taft, and by city officials who had some with a resolution of welcome passed by the city council yesterday. From the station, where several hundred people cheered him, the President went to the home of his brother, where, as candidate for the presidency, he had spent the opening days of the campaign.

A short rest at the Taft residence was followed by the library meetng and then the President went to greet his old Cincinnati friends and neighbors. A luncheon at the home of Lucien Wulsin, East Walnut Hills, was succeeded by a reception at the home of J. G. Schmidlapp, on Grandin road. There was a return run then to the downtown district, where Mr. Taft talked to the Loyal Legion.

Later the President was scheduled to attend the opening concert of the May musical festival, to dedicate a statue of Theodore Thomas, to attend a brief dinner at a club and then to board a train for St. Louis.

President Lands Knox.

Pittsburg, May 3.—President Taft ended his two days' stay in Pittsburg with a speech at the Grant day dinner at the Americus club last night in which he dealt almost wholly with the foreign affairs of the nation.

The President paid a striking tribute to the secretary of state, Mr. Knox, who was present. He vigorously defended and justified the secretary's Nicaraguan policy, flayed those who invented the phrase "dollar diplomacy" with the idea of bringing contempt to a policy in which he said the nation is vitally interested, and concluded with the declaration that the record of the department during the first year of the present administration was one to which he pointed with the greatest pride.

In concluding, the President said: "To the record of a year's accomplishment under Secretary Knox, in our foreign affairs, I think I may properly point with pride and yet with becoming modesty, for it is his work and not mine. All I can claim is the merit of selecting him for the task."

BLOCKADE NOW IN EFFECT

Washington, May 3.—Senor Salvator Castrillio, representative here of the Estrada provisional government in Nicaragua, acting under cabled instructions from Minister General Rivera, today advised the state department that the insurgent forces had established a blockade of the port of San Juan Del Norte, or Greytown.

The blockading force consists of four ships, three ocean-going tugs, equipped as gunboats, and a fourth larger vessel armed with rapid-fire guns. It is not unlikely that this is the rebel fleet which is on the lookout for the steamer Venus, recently sailed from New Orleans with arms and ammunition for Madriz.

The Habit Grew.

Delineator.

Mary went to church for her first time. During the sermon she said aloud to her mother, "I feel sleepy."

Frightened at the sound of her own voice she exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I spoke in church—" "Oh, I spoke again—" "Why, I keep speaking all the time!"

CONSTIPATION

MAY BE PERMANENTLY OVERCOME BY PROPER PERSONAL EFFORTS WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE ONE TRULY BENEFICIAL LAXATIVE—SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA, WHICH ENABLES ONE TO FORM REGULAR HABITS DAILY, SO THAT ASSISTANCE TO NATURE MAY BE GRADUALLY DISPENSED WITH WHEN NO LONGER NEEDED, AS THE BEST OF REMEDIES, WHEN REQUIRED, ARE TO ASSIST NATURE AND NOT TO SUPPLANT THE NATURAL FUNCTIONS, WHICH MUST DEPEND ULTIMATELY UPON PROPER NOURISHMENT, PROPER EFFORTS AND RIGHT LIVING GENERALLY.

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS, ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE. SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS ONE SIZE ONLY. PRICE 50¢ A BOTTLE

Reptiles as Heroes.

Springfield Republican.

A midget of a newsboy was heard to say to another on the street the other evening: "Gee! I feel like killing somebody." Whether spoken in jest or not, the remark was enough to set one to thinking about the moral effect a sensational criminal case like that of Spencer may have upon the community.

That the tremendous newspaper publicity attending such an affair may have an evil influence upon certain kinds of people, more especially upon boys, must be admitted. If the exploitation of the criminal tends to make a hero of him, or to arouse in the slightest degree a sympathetic or romantic interest in his personality and his offences against society, real harm may be the result. While the difficulties are not inconsiderable in satisfying the legitimate public demand for complete information in the matter at the same time investing the criminal and the crime with a malign witchery that unbalances weak or immature minds, there can be no disagreement as to the moral responsibility of all concerned in the formation of a public sentiment concerning these events. Nor is the duty of preserving correct moral values confined to those whose business is publicity. Public sentiment is a creation by the public in general, and that implies the responsibility of everyone for his or her contribution, however slight, to the consensus of opinion.

As for Spencer, he is one of the last persons in the world to be regarded as a hero. He was a contemptible coward. He never "took any one of his men." There is an old English saying that one man in his shirt is a match for 12 men armed with pikes; and, of course, it requires no courage for 12 men with pikes to attack one man in his shirt. The armed burglar prowling about at night, who selects houses to enter where women may be thrown into terrible panics by his sudden appearance, who confronts men only when they are utterly unprepared for resistance, who cruelly shoots at defenseless people seeking means of escape—in such a creature not a trace of the hero could possibly be found. Kipling wrote a story about two snakes and a mongoose. Every boy should read "Rikki Tiki Tavi" for ideas on cowardice and heroism. The armed burglar who stealthily crawls upon his victim in the dark is like the poisonous snakes, so vile in their approach, so cowardly in their method of attack. For a hero, give us Rikki, the mongoose, who slew the snakes and saved the children's lives.

While boys may see askew the elements of true courage in certain cases of crime, their elders sometimes develope the craziest sentimentality in judging the criminal. "Poor fellow! He isn't responsible," is a remark one may hear; and it has less sanity, after all, than the newsboy's remark, "Gee, I feel like killing somebody, because that particular boy undoubtedly was controlled, in a degree, by his sense of humor. His sniffling elders, who say "poor fellow," are liable very soon to send flowers to cell No. —— at the jail.

See straight, think straight—is a good motto in such matters. Don't mistake a reptile for a hero; don't place laurel on the brow of a miscreant. Be just, be humane; but don't gratify the devil by glorifying his proteges.

INFANT MORTALITY

Greater Number of Births as Well as Deaths Among Poor.

New York Times.

An investigation just made by the New York mill committee with a view to getting definite information as to the effects on infant mortality on social and economic conditions has resulted in some interesting disclosuresc. Three sections of the city were selected for study, varying much in size, owing to different densities of population, but each containing about 7,500 persons. In the first, inhabited largely by the rich, only 37 children were born in a year; in the second, where the circumstances of the people were what is called comfortable the births numbered 160, while in the third, where poverty prevailed, 434 babies were born.

But during two summer weeks, one of them the hottest of the year, not one of the 37 babies or of the 160 died, while among the 434 there were 16 deaths. The figures are not large enough to warrant any final conclusions as to percentages, but doubtless they are fairly characteristic of the three classes. The immunity of the babies in the two more fortunate classes during this hot fortnight only happened to be complete, and that peculiarity would not be likely to be repeated.

That the one group did as well as the other is explained by the investigators as due equally efficient care in both, in the one case, however, largely the care of highly trained nurses, and in the second to that of mothers with leizure and intelligence. Among the very poor each of the much more numerous babies had a decidedly smaller chance of life, but many more than enough of them survived to outnumber the other groups. Probably at the attainment of adult age the difference will not be nearly as large, for the excess of mortality will remain where it began.

TO CHANGE MISSION POLICY

Men's Congress Plan an Extensive Church Reform.

Chicago, May 3.—The Men's National Missionary Congress opened today with nearly 4,000 delegates, representing every state and territory and every denomination in the Protestant church, in attendance. They represented the 100,000 churchmen who have been identified with the 75 conventions of the laymen's missinary movement. The congress is expected to outline a definite missionary policy which will affect materially the activities of practically every evangelical denomination in the country.

The principal speakers at the opening session were Bishop Charles P. Anderson, of the Chicago diocese of the Protestant Episcopal church, who spoke on "The Will of Christ for the World," and Bishop W. F. McDowell, Methodist, who talked on "A World-Wide Purpose in the Life of a Christian."

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, April 25.—Senate—In the senate Mr. Lodge withdrew his resoluton asking senate sanction for the expenditure of $65,000 to continue the cost of living inquiry. This action was taken on the ground that members of the minority were conducting such an extended debate upon the resolution as to interfere seriously with the passage of the railroad bill. The committee will continue the inquiry, however, punder authority of the original resolution. The Crawford-Elkins traffic agreement provision of the railroad bill was under discussion in the senate during most of the day. Senator Root spoke in favor of the provision, while Senators Dolliver and Clapp opposed it.

House.—In the house the session was devoted to consideration of bills relating to the District of Columbia.

Tuesday, April 26.—Senate—In considering the railroad bill in the senate, Mr. Clapp denounced the "regular" leaders of the Republicans and the administration for efforts to read "insurgents" out of the party, Mr. Hughes attacked the bill as a whole, and Mr. Heyburn defended the Crawford-Elkins provision.

House—The "insurgents," with the aid of the Democrats, forced the adoption in the house of an amendment to the railroad bill, which takes from the President the right to organize the commerce courts.

Wednesday, April 27.—Senate—An invitation extended by Senator Hayner to the "insurgent" leaders to join the Democratic party was spurned by Senator Dolliver on behalf of the "insurgents." This suggestion by the Maryland senator followed a speech by him in the senate criticising as unconstitutional some of the features of the administration railroad bill. The session was concluded with a speech by Senator Bristow, who arraigned the present system of railroad rate making.

House—The entire day was devoted to the consideration of bills relating to Indian lands. One of these measures was amended on motion of Mr. Sabath, of Illinois, so that in the disposition of the lands of the Rosebud Indian reservation, in South Dakota, citizens could make application for such lands at their homes without the necessity of going to the reservations. Mr. Sabath declared that last year $5,000,000 had been spent by disappointed homeseekers in their unsuccessful efforts to obtain public land.

Thursday, April 28.—Senate—A spirited debate on the provisions of the railroad bill authorizing the making of rates was engaged in by Senators Clay, Bristow, Cummins, Crawford, Bailey, Aldrich, Borah, Root and Heyburn. A vote on the provision will probably be reached tomorrow.

House—The small number of Democratic members in attendance in the house during most of the session made it impossible for the insurgents to score victories over the regular Republicans. An amendment was adopted to include telegram and telephone companies within the scope of the interstate commerce law.

Friday, April 29.—Senate—The first test vote on the railroad bill was had in the senate and resulted in a victory for the administration members. The Cummins amendment, which would require all traffic agreements made between railroads, and all rates, fares and charges to be approved in advance by the interstate commerce commission, was defeated by a vote of 29 to 35. Eleven Republicans, most of them from the insurgent ranks, and 18 Democrats, voted for the Cummins provision. All of the votes against it were cast by Republicans.

House—The house the railroad bill was under consideration also. Numerous amendments were offered, most of which were voted down. An amendment making provision that the physical valuation of railroad properties shall be ascertained was offered by Mr. Madden, of Illinois, and adopted after an extended discussion. The provision adopted yesterday for the inclusion of telegraph and telephone companies within the scope of the interstate commerce law was today further amended so as to permit of different charges being made for press dispatches and for night messages than are made for commercial dispatches.

Saturday, April 30.—Senate—The acceptance by congress of a statue of Francis H. Pierpont from the state of West Virginia, for the permanent exhibition in statuary hall at the capitol, was the occasion of eulogies in the senate today.

House—The house accepted the Pierpont statue and heard eulogies. Several hours were also devoted to the passage of several private claim bills.

KANSAS CROP REPORT

Nearly 30 Per Cent of Winter Wheat a Failure.

Topeka, Kansas, April 29.—The following is a report issued by the Kansas board of agriculture, the result of a comprehensive and searching inquiry into conditions of the state's winter wheat and oats as they were April 20. It is a consensus of opinions of the growers especially, supplemented by those of grainmen, millers and others closely observant at short range and well informed in every neighborhood, particular attention having been given to those counties sowing the larger areas:

Reports of correspondents indicate that the area sown to winter wheat in the fall of 1909 approximated 6,478,000 acres, or more by about 93,000 acres than in the fall preceding. Of the total area it appears from the reports that 30 per cent is such a failure that the ground will be devoted to other crops, quite a considerable portion of it being already sown to oats. Deducting this 30 per cent leaves 4,532,000 acres standing, on which the condition averages for the state, 76 per cent, 100 representing a good average stand and satisfactory condition.

This failure of nearly a third of the area sown is ascribed principally to "winter killing," although there is much diversity of opinion as to the specific cause, some saying the wheat was "smothered by the long-continued coating of ice," others that it was the "severe freezing when the ground was oversaturated," and still others ascribe it to the alternate "freezing and thawing," heaving the soil and leaving the plant roots exposed or broken. These, together with wind and dry weather in some portions, constitute some of the disadvantages that the sown wheat of 1909 has contended with. A dozen reports, all told, state that some damage should be charged to chinch bug.

Killing the Kansas wheat crop by gentlemen with whom killing is a business, or who gain sustenance, notice or notoriety only through proclaiming the discovery, invention or presence of some new destroyer, is now being industriously carried on by telegraph. As a season progresses and the crop killers discover themselves lacking other resource they proceed to find in some alleged insect, such as the green bug or malodorous chinch, ready mount upon which to ruthlessly charge across and lay waste a 5,000,000 or 6,000,000-acre wheat field, leaving behind (in the newspapers) little but desolation and distress. These gentry have now sounded "boots and saddles" for the chinch bug brigade in Kansas, and what they will intend as terrifying yells are likely to be heard around the world. The public will do well to remember that while the yells of these nightriders may be disturbing they never affect actual yield.

Owing to dry weather in the fall the sowing of wheat was delayed in many localities, and considerable that will now be given over to other crops was that planted unusually late, and on fields poorly prepared.

WALL STREET WORRIED

Investment Situation Is Not Satisfactory.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

New York, May 2.—A feeling of excessive pessimism has come over Wall street, says Henry Clews' Weekly Financial Review. For the time being at least, favorable conditions are ignored, and the financial public appears to be dwelling upon influences of a more or less unfavorable character. Chief among these is the investment situation. This cannot be called satisfactory. During the first three months of the year about $600,000,000 of new securities have been authorized, a very considerable portion of which consisted of bonds. The demand for the latter, as is well known, has fallen flat; the reason being that investors insist upon having better returns than the majority of bonds afford. It should be remembered that a very large class of investors who are dependent upon fixed incomes have been put to positive hardships by the high cost of living. This class have frequently been obliged to discard bonds and buy the better class of dividend-paying stocks, especially as many of the latter have been increasing their returns to stockholders. This insistence on the part of the investor for a better return is an important factor in the present situation.

Conditions are further complicated by evidence that the buying power of the investing public has been at least temporarily checked by the excessive issue of new securities, or by a reduction in savings. Time is required for correction of such a situation as this. It is known also that further large security issues are imminent, and that inducements either in the form of lower prices or higher rates of interest or privileges of some sort will have to be made to secure a market. The knowledge of this contingency also affects security markets adversely. Dividend increases have apparently become less popular, and seem to be a signal for selling and lower prices; as witness New York Central, United States Steel and other stocks which declined steadily after dividend increases, and have been criticised in some quarters since.

The monetary situation excites some concern, more perhaps than is necessary. New York bank reserves are low; consequently preparations for May disbursements, the renewal of gold exports, a lessened interior movement, treasury absorption and cotton financing forced a temporary advance in call and time money. The possibility of Europe making still further demands upon our gold supply exerted an unfavorable sentimental effect at a time when market opinion was already supersensitive. It had been hoped that the decline in commodities would stimulate exports, and it is believed that Europe will readily take our new issues if terms are made satisfactory. But the fact that London is holding off for better terms inevitably affects this market adversely. As to the future of the local money market, there is no cause for concern. Funds have been returning from the west with more freedom, and this movement will be shortly renewed. It is true the west has made large advances to land and other speculative schemes upon which it would be impossible to realize quickly; but the best advices from western bankers are that this movement has not run to such a dangerous point as is sometimes believed. There is every reason to believe that the western banks are abundantly able to take care of the situation.

An undercurrent of uneasiness is developing regarding the political situation. It is quite certain that we are in for a period of fresh tariff agitation during the coming autumn. The aggressive attitude of Washington towards railroads and other corporations is also much disliked in financial circles, owing largely to the uncertainty which it produces. Republican party squabbles also have an unsettling influence.

When it comes to the business situation, that is undoubtedly spotty. Reactionary tendencies are observable in many directions, and the trend of nearly all commodity prices is downwards. Consumption has been checked by high prices, and here and there are signs of overproduction; notably in the iron trade, where an organized restriction of pig iron is in prospect. There is also more or less continued curtailment in the cotton goods industry, due to high prices and complications arising from the fluctuations in cotton. The reaction in business, however, is one which should, ere long, prove beneficial, being more in the nature of a general readjustment to a lower price level, which, when the limit has been reached, will prove stimulating and wholesome. There is no doubt that as soon as buyers are convinced that bedrock is reached, a fresh rush of orders will be received.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., May 3.—Up till 10 a. m. today, there were practically no changes in cash and May wheat. Of the futures, September made the best showing at the outset, from the viewpoint of holders, by scoring a gain of ½c over the previous close. Buying of a rather substantial nature gave the market a steady undertone early in the session. Broomhall's foreign crop report indicated favorable growing conditions in most countries, save the United Kingdom, where the weather is rather too cold. Toledo openings were: Cash and July, $1.08; July, 1.03¾, and September, $1.03¼.

Reports of frost in the northwest and flies in the winter growing belt were uplifting forces that caused a sharp advance after midday, May feeling the most pronounced effects. Cash and May closed 3c up at $1.08, July 1¾c higher at $1.05½ and September 2c advanced at $1.04½.

Corn values in the local market were unchanged up till midday. According to the Iowa crop report conditions are favorable for planting a big corn crop. May opened at 69c, July at 63¾c, and September at 64¾c.

At the close corn values were but a trifle higher compared with wheat. Cash and May finished at 60c, July at 64c and Sept. at 66c.

There were no price alterations in oats at the outset or during the first half-hour, May starting at 43½c, July at 42c, and September at 39c.

Closing oats prices Cash and May 43¾c, July 42c, September 38¾c.

As with the cereals, clover seed prices were about the same as the previous finals, both at the opening and at 10 a. m. Cash started at $6.75, October and December at $6.55, and March at 6.62½.

Receipts were 38 bags, against 250 year ago. Shipments were nil against 250 a year ago. Closing prices were practically the same as the opening.

TOLEDO.

				Close	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	May 3.	May 2.
Cash	1.08	....	....	1.11	1.08
May	1.08	....	....	1.11	1.08
July	1.03¾	....	....	1.05½	1.02¾
Sept	1.03¼	....	1.03	1.04½	1.02½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	60½	60
May	60	....	....	60